



**Special Features This Issue**  
“A Wayfarer Rally in Friesland”  
“The Boobster’s Boat” – “Pathfinder”

# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 24 – Number 15

December 15, 2006



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December 15, 2006



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



One of the periodicals with which I exchange subscriptions is *Steamboat Bill*, the quarterly journal of the Steamship Historical Society of America. It is chock a block full of news and photos, both current and historical, of large vessels. Today few are still steam driven but there is sufficient ongoing interest in what is going on worldwide today with big vessels regardless of motive power, and what has happened to those from the past no longer with us, to sustain a large society with an impressive 80-page glossy papered journal with many color as well as black and white photos. The Society's mission statement reads, "To Record, Preserve, and Disseminate the History of Engine Powered Vessels".

My eye fell upon the name *Nobska* in the Fall 2006 issue just received shortly before we go to press. Reading a column entitled "Keeping Up Steam," I learned that the *Nobska* had reached the end of a 30-year effort to realize a dream of preserving her as the last surviving coastal passenger steamer. Since 1996 she had sat in the drydock at the old Charlestown Navy Yard in Boston, adjacent to the berth of the *USS Constitution*, awaiting major hull reconstruction. Time had run out, the *Constitution* needed to use the drydock and the *Nobska* was in no condition to be floated out of the way.

I recall having published items from time to time (long ago in my time frame) about *Nobska* when a group that had acquired her after she went out of service in the mid-70s, the Friends of *Nobska*, undertook then at a grass roots level to restore her sufficiently to not only be a static exhibit, such as the *Ticonderoga* up in Vergennes, Vermont, but to actually be used by the Massachusetts Steamship Authority on scheduled runs to Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard Islands off Cape Cod.

The scale of the project was too much but this did not deter those who wanted to save *Nobska*. Initial volunteer work tidying up the details gradually gave way to an awareness that there was going to be a lot more to the job than scraping and repainting. The entire infrastructure would need to be brought up to today's "code," something *Nobska* did not have to meet back in the '20s when she was put into service under the standards of the time.

When she was towed to Boston from Fall River in 1996 for what was to be a major hull rebuild, it came to light that her hull plating had extensively eroded away and was in many places far too thin to ever face ocean

going service again. She has been in the Navy Yard drydock ever since, while the Friends were reorganized into the New England Steamship Foundation to be able to operate at the mega-budget levels looming up through obtaining grant money. Three million dollars of transportation grant money obtained was soon spent by hired professional engineering staff and experienced shipbuilders, and along with all the smaller sums donated by so many supporters over 30 years, has come to naught.

According to the report in *Steamboat Bill* by their New England correspondent, Capt. William J. Frappier, *Nobska* was going to need 5,000' of seam welding between new steel plates to be able to float away out of the drydock (albeit still only a hull under tow). The deputy supervisor of the Navy Yard (a National Historic Site) was quoted as stating he felt that the restoration would cost \$20 million or more, a long way from the grass root fund raising originally undertaken by the Friends early on in the dream.

I am old enough to recall going into Boston with my parents to take my grandfather to the "New York" boat on the old Fall River Line. Perhaps it could have been *Nobska* in the mid-'30s?

This is not an uncommon story, saving some historic old vessel. These visions are usually those of romanticists with emotional commitments to chosen vessels, visions that are not firmly grounded on realistic appraisals of what will be required. Sometimes reality intrudes early on and the dream is abandoned but, as with *Nobska*, it can take a long time and a lot of money and sweat equity donated by true believers before a sad ending is reached.

Not far from us in nearby Gloucester, Massachusetts, a similar odyssey is still going on, that of the restoration of the last working Gloucester fishing schooner, the *Adventure*. This one goes back into the '80s when she was given to the city of Gloucester by the owner, who was facing enormous upgrading expenses to bring her up to "code" in order to be able to continue carrying paying passengers in the Maine dude schooner fleet. The early days of Saturday breakfast fundraisers aboard at her dock are long gone and substantial sums have been raised and poured into her also. She is, however, now afloat, with a solidly rebuilt hull, but as yet the day when, if ever, she sallies forth again under sail remains shrouded in the mists of time.

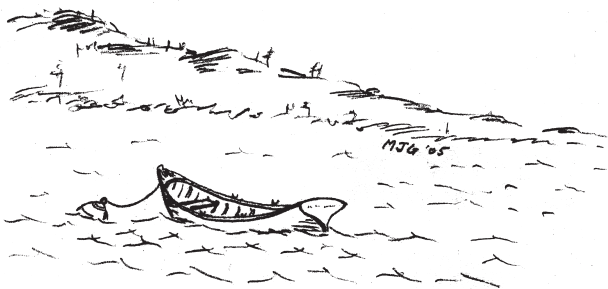
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## On the Cover...

Richard Alan Smith spotted this bilge keeler sitting in the mud beneath the Firth of Forth Bridge in Scotland and nearly ended up bringing her home. He tells us all about it in this issue.





By Matthew Golden

## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

*MoonWind* has finally been launched. About time, too. Everyone reminds me that half the regular boating season has passed. I look at it a bit differently. I've no intention of hauling my boat for at least two years and she'll spend her winters at the pier behind our shop. There are lovely days for sailing right up to Christmas. And next spring I can sail before the crocuses come up.

I sandblasted her bottom, filled and faired, gave her three coats of primer, then an indicator coat, then three coats of ablative bottom paint with extra paint at the waterline and all the leading edges. Then I attacked her topsides, sanded it to the gel coat, puttied, faired, primed, and sprayed. Once again she glows a hunter green. I replaced the rub rail. I rebuilt the rudder. I never imagined that days could have so many hours.

At least she's resumed the water. I uncovered her back in April and she's been underneath two enormous maple trees through flower time and seed time. There were sticks and leaves and compost on her decks. Enough to house a number of wriggling tenants and provoke my interest in spontaneous generation.

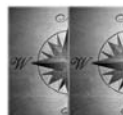
As soon as the riggers brought her to the pier I went to work with soap and brush and hose. After two hours, most of them on my knees, she appeared presentable. Water squished from my sneakers. My sodden jeans embraced me. At least she looked more like a boat than a discarded vegetable cart. I thought that the riggers would leave her shipshape. The beer wasn't bribe enough, perhaps, at least not at 3pm on a Friday. The halyards and lazy jacks and topping lift were all in a tangle, bundled to the mast with a length of shock cord. The boom lay on deck. I spent another hour detangling all the lines and rigging the boom. By twilight I secured the main hatch, adjusted my spring line, and trudged back to my truck. I have a list of projects half a page long.

Fortunately I can actually sail the boat before doing most of them. I have a cutout transom for an outboard, previously framed by a loose assortment of weathered wood and dented metal. I've replaced that with teak sheathed in 16 gauge stainless. Now I need to trim the entire cutout with nine small pieces of teak, then varnish them until I can admire myself in their reflections. I also need a new forward hatch, for which I shall have to build an enclosure, and a new deck pipe for my anchor rode, and a chain stopper, and, and... Most days I choose to ignore my list and go sailing.

I haven't a lot of bright work on this boat. 1970, *MoonWind's* natal year, proved a good year for the trees, the boat builders left them alone to dream quietly in the forest. The hatch frames, the companionway, the drop boards, and the grab rails constitute the extent of bright work on deck. Below only the ladder, some cabinet trim, two pin rails, and the fiddles require varnish. Don't get me wrong, I'd enjoy owning an all-wood boat, the pride of the whole marina. But I also want to sail. And my job at the boat shop demands a good deal of time. So does writing. I spend more hours writing than sailing. This problem needs rectification.

Life becomes a tradeoff. I want to sail, but I need to repair other sailors' boats a number of hours each week. Then the mundane obligations of living intrude, eating and sleeping, for instance. Living aboard one's sailboat and having neither house nor vehicle nor job, and needing none, would be hubris, the most arrogant presumption, and therefore suitably punishable by the gods. One would be drowned by Poseidon early on and die extremely happy.

As this option doesn't affect most of us, we allocate what portion of our time we can afford, a few afternoons, a few weekends, perhaps a few weeks, to lose ourselves in that heaven we know as sailing. Were Gabriel to offer me my very own cloud tomorrow, well, all I should say is, you'd better rig her for single handing, Brother...



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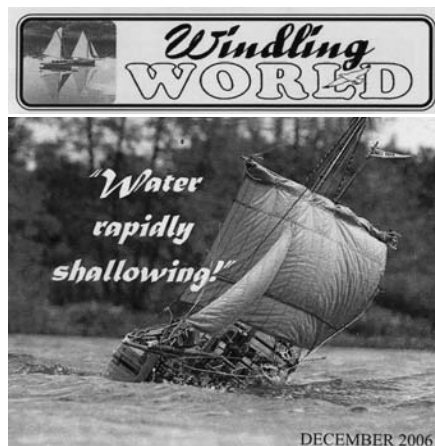
# You write to us about...

## Adventures & Experiences..

### Windling World Ceases Publication

The beach is in sight, the editor at the helm! 2006 is another year of *Windling World* completed, a total of over 11 years. With much personal sadness with this issue I must beach the old girl and say goodbye to several hundred friends, some never met.

The cover image has been carefully chosen. It certainly looks like the vessel is in rapidly shallowing water and being driven towards the beach, doesn't it? A dramatic shot by my Dutch friend, Hans Staal.



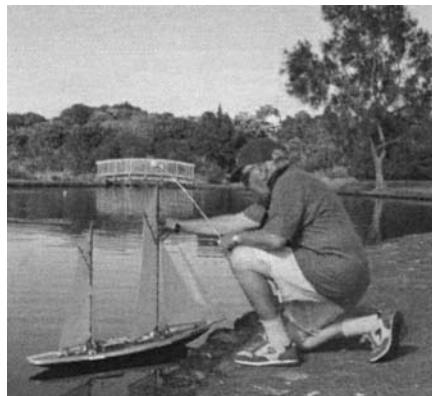
Ever since the news broke many of you have asked what am I going to do to fill my time? Well, the aim is to sail my boats, perhaps more often with my Ancient Mariner friends, and to continue to write on the joys of model yachting for two or three or more magazines including *Messing About in Boats* and *Duckworks*.

I started *Windling World* virtually on a wing and a prayer with 20 brave souls as subscribers. I was fed up with the over-serious and often argumentative attitude prevalent in model yacht racing which, let's face it, most of us get involved in so as to be able to relax and have fun. The model equivalent of full size cruising seemed the way to go and led to my coining of the word "windling" and the birth of a mission to encourage people to shed what stigmas may have existed about men caught "sailing toy boats."

I have tried to make *Windling World* one of personality while retaining a variety of different aspects of model yachting in its content, as well as light-heartedness and humour. One reader said it was akin to a "fresh breeze blowing in from the Antipodes." Without doubt, the big plus for me has been the resulting friendships and trusts it has spawned so many friends never met in 17 countries, this at a time where the world population seems to pay scant attention to their fellow men.

I have often thought that windling could just be of some benefit to all those boffins at the United Nations in New York, were it made mandatory that they go out together every lunchtime in Central Park (above) to windle (not race) model yachts. Perhaps they'd learn to relax and get on with each other as the wind blows some sense into their heads!

I thank those who gave such help and in so doing showed how much one little magazine really meant to them. Closure has been created by my refusal to re-programme my brain and further invest in equipment to cope with advancing technology. I am purely and simply a "scribbler", not a computer geek!



### Gone Windling!!!

I've gone down to the pond,  
the wind not yet blowing,  
and the ketch in the water I've placed.  
There'll be no surprises  
when the wind rises  
and she glides smoothly out  
with no haste.

The day is a great one,  
I've nowhere to go  
and I'm free as a seabird to choose.  
The hint of a windle  
it grabbed me at dawn  
with the colour of morning just hues

I'm a man of the windle,  
a fan of the windle,  
a model sailor of leisurely kind.  
If you're wondering why  
you're unable to get me,  
I've gone windling,  
left my cell phone behind.

Mark Steele, 22 Vanderbilt Parade,  
Brookfield Park, Albany, Auckland, NZ

### Tides Became Important

"Tides, Centrifugal Forces and Other Strange Effects" by Hermann Gucinski in the August 15 *MAIB* was exceptionally well done. I do hope to Mr. Gucinski follows up with more on this and related subjects.

Tides became important in my life at a very young age. I was born on Mill Creek, off the Eastern Branch of the Elizabeth River in Norfolk, Virginia. The creek used to separate Glenrock from Greenwich and it extended all the way to Kempsville Road, just east of the Barry Robinson Center. A full mile of the upper end of Mill Creek is completely gone now, filled in and overlaid by the intersection of interstate highways I-64 and I-264. The lower end of the creek, along with most of the Elizabeth River itself, is essentially gone also, silted in and useless.

But I still have great memories of that creek and river the way they used to be. I could row a mile down Mill Creek and then

turn up the Elizabeth River and row all the way to Kempsville. At a deep bend in the river where it entered Kempsville there were still visible, in 1950, timbers of an old loading dock, apparently where a barge landing had been in earlier years. The riverbank was high and dry there and we camped overnight a few times. Big carp in that section of the river would swim at the surface pushing a bow wave. Osprey would catch them and struggle to get them to a huge old nest in a big pine tree, the mix of pine needles and big carp bones that built up over the years under that tree felt like a deep spring mattress.

I trapped muskrat in that marsh, sold the skins to a fur buyer in Norfolk, and the meat to farm families in Greenwich. Stewed muskrat is quite good the way my mother cooked it. I liked it better than wild rabbit. The hides, on the other hand, make expensive fur coats. Mostly I set traps in burrow entrances below the waterline and sometime up on the expanse of marsh grass. It was easy and quick to tend the traps at half tide. At half tide I could row from hole to hole and reach the traps from the boat. And it was easy to step out onto the marsh to tend traps set there. But if the tide were too high, the traps would be flooded and unreachable. If the tide were too low, mud flats and sand bars would block the boat.

Add the necessity of attending school, and my tide-minding quandaries became even more challenging. I could go out on the river either before school or after school. But there would still be days when I simply could not go. And try as I might, there would still be times when my tide calculations were off. And whether high or low, in a rowboat one learns early to mind the state of the tide, it is always either with you or against you.

As Mr. Gucinski's title implies, there seemed to be other "Strange Effects and Forces" at work also. Storm tides, wind-driven tides, spring tides, neap tides, and just plain old contrary tides often foiled my plans or made me work extra hard. Some of it was obvious, but I hope he will explain more of the technical stuff in future articles.

Lewis Kreger, Portland, CT

### Served in CVA 33

Let me add to Dave Carnell's "Comments on Bolger and Ware" on the November 1 issue "You write..." pages. I served in (not "on") the *USS Kearsage CVA 33* in '54 and '55. We operated with the *USS Essex*, which in later years was converted to a CVS 9 anti submarine carrier.

Interesting to note: Robb White spent some time on the *Kearsage* about ten years after my tour of duty aboard. He took the time to answer my letter to him regarding his time aboard.

John Ammerman, Brick, NJ

## Information of Interest...

### The Rest of the Story

In the October 15 issue there was an article about cruises that St. Paul's Urban Boat Builders went on last summer. I know many of the adults who run this group and must give them much credit for coaching the kids through their building projects.

I must set things right about Lake Pepin, the end point on their cruise. The author stat-



ed that Lake Pepin was a man-made lake. Wrong. Having worked for the Corps of Engineers for 25 years I think that I know something about the river.

Lake Pepin starts at mile 787 on the Mississippi River just below the town of Red Wing, Minnesota. The lower end of the lake is formed by the Chippewa river delta at mile 765. The Chippewa dumps sand and gravel into the Mississippi faster than the Mississippi can haul it away. The Indians called this the lake of tears long before white man ever saw it.

There is a town called Reads Landing just across from the delta that is well known to the Corps as they need to dredge there annually. Below Reads Landing the river runs downhill at a good clip for a couple of miles past the town of Wabasha where it dumps into Pool No. 4 formed by a lock at Alma, Wisconsin.

This area is my favorite playground. I love to paddle there. It is the upper end of what the La Crosse, Wisconsin folks call God's Country. These folk may just be right, it is God's Country.

Mississippi Bob Brown, Apple Valley, MN

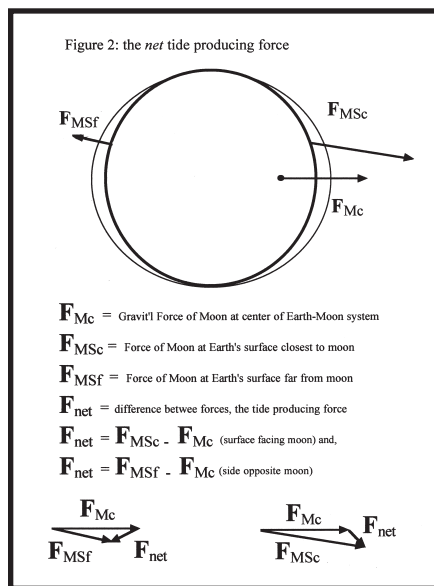
### Tidal Forces Diagram Error

I thank Richard (Deke) Ulian (*MAIB*, 11/1) for the encouraging and informative letter. My heart jumped and then I read on and my face turned red. There is indeed an error in my Fig. 2 diagram (*MAIB*, p.30, 8/15) of the net tide force (see corrected version), the net force on the side of the earth far from the moon should correctly point away from the moon and the force on the closest side should point toward the moon. I screwed up the labels, no excuse.

Wikipedia, by the way, has the vector diagram correct and their entry is concise and lucid. I was especially delighted that they first offered an explanation using an inertial reference system; i.e., no centrifugal force required. They then offer the "alternative" explanation using the centrifugal force in a non-inertial reference system and have a diagram that moves to illustrate the point. Well done.

Next step is to get a copy of Deke's book and read it! Fair winds and tides.

Hermann Gucinski, Fairview NC



## Information Wanted..

### Looking for Kermath

Do any readers know what happened to the Kermath Engine Company that I recall had a good and wide reputation during WW II? I have a 1930s Kermath 5hp water cooled marine inboard engine. My intention is to install it in my 15' flat bottom skiff. I am also wondering if that is enough horsepower but mainly would like to know something about the engine.

I am an avid reader of your magazine and find it chock full of information that simply would not appear anywhere else. Therefore, I hope some readers can help me. Those who write do seem considerably well informed.

Charlie Gibson, 13569 Croft Dr., Largo, FL 33774, (727) 595-3440

## Opinions..

### An Alternative to "Stitch and Glue"

I've been building boats of many types for over 30 years and have never found the need to use this stitch and glue method that books have been written on. I've made angles from wide and shallow to right angles with my method without all this drilling of small holes for the wire-stitching (that have to be removed later). I never have understood how these wire-stitchings are removed after the glueing is done! Here is my easier and much simpler method:

Cut a number of 4" to 6" lengths of good quality duct tape and place them nearby to have them ready. Start at one end of the angle seam to be glued and pull the edges of the panels together snugly. You don't even have to bevel the panel edges unless the panel thickness is  $\frac{1}{2}$ " or more. Holding the panel edges snugly together, take a duct tape strip and tape it crosswise over the seam. Continue along the seam, spacing the crosswise tapes about 6" apart or as close as it takes to hold the panel edges together. Sometimes a foot apart will be sufficient.

When the taping is done all along the seam, turn the work over so as to get to the inside of the angled seam. You can use 2" wide strips of fiberglass cloth, or ready-made roll tape for this inside surface of the seam. I've even used thin cotton cloth cut in 2" wide strips for this side. Mix up about 2 to 4 ounces of either polyester resin (auto body type) or epoxy resin. The auto body type will usually set faster and is cheaper than epoxy. It can be obtained locally at any auto parts store.

Brush on a heavy coat of the resin to the inside surfaces of the seam, let the resin seep thoroughly into the seam crack. Then apply the 2" fabric tape into the resin coat, pressing and smoothing it into the resin. Apply more resin to spots that don't get soaked through on the cloth. Let the resin set up hard.

You can then turn the project over to remove the duct tape strips leaving a smooth outer seam that might need only a light sanding to remove any resin "blobs" that might have seeped through. To finish this angle seam and to make it very strong, resin and tape it on this side. I strongly advise to use epoxy resin and ready-made fiberglass 2" tape for this side for it will produce a nicer finished seam which, after painting, can hardly be seen.

Walter Head, Hobbycraft Kayaks, Vilas, NC

## This Magazine..

### One of Only Three

Although I get just about all the marine trade magazines (and read some of them), the only magazines I actually subscribe to are *Scientific American*, *The New Yorker*, and *Messing About in Boats*.

Don Kaylor, Yachts & Workboats, Long Beach, CA

## In Memoriam..

### Tom Jones 1934-2006

Tom was a writer, boat designer, boatbuilder, small boat racer, and iconoclast. Fresh out of college he taught school and wrote novels. The next step was designing and building boats for himself. He and Carol made six transatlantic passages in boats he had designed and built.

It was on passage that he discovered and fell in love with the Azores and all things Portuguese. He studied the language and made lifelong friends. He would build a boat, sail it to the Azores, sell it locally, and go home and build another boat. He knew that he wanted to go another step beyond passagemaking.

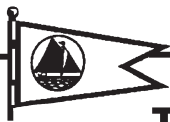
While building boats for customers, Tom used his skills as a writer and teacher to teach people about the world of building and sailing simple boats. He started by writing articles in *Boatbuilder* and then expanded these articles into four full length books, *Boats to Go*, *Low-Resistance Boats*, *Multihull Voyaging*, and *New Plywood Boats*.

He would write a chapter per boat and explain the techniques a novice builder required. Every new material, every groundbreaking concept, cedar, plywood, foam sandwich, tortured ply, dinghy, runabout, catamaran, trimaran, were important because they could get people interested in building and using simple boats. In *New Plywood Boats* he wrote an appreciation of his good friend, Phil Bolger. Praise of Phil reveals Tom's own principles, no concession to conventional thinking. Eliminate all the frills and find the essence. As long as a boat is simple and functional, nothing else is required.

I had met Tom several times over the years and only knew him superficially. Only recently did we reach the visit and swap books stage. Two weeks ago my wife and I had been for a visit to the lovely house Tom had built for Carol and himself on the Tuckahoe River. Tom was as warm and outgoing as ever and I was anticipating a blossoming friendship. But it was not to be. Friday afternoon, Carol came home from school and found him, she thought he had gone to sleep. She thinks he died about noon. That fits my image of Tom, he would have liked to go without any fuss. I wish we had had more time, but I am glad for the time we had.

Condolences to Carol Jones, Box 391, Tuckahoe, NJ 08250.

Mike Wicks



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**See Review in October 1 Issue!**



## Book Reviews

### *Hooked Pirates, Poaching, and the Perfect Fish*

By G. Bruce Knecht 2006  
ISBN-10: 1-59486-110-2

Reviewed by Joe Cathey

I met a friend for lunch the other day. When the waitress offered the day's specials, I got on my soapbox and asked my friend if he would still order the Chilean sea bass if it were offered as Patagonian toothfish. Of course, my friend immediately asked how I could know all the stuff I was spewing forth on endangered species, overfishing the world's oceans, marketing to American masses, piracy, and organized crime. I had to admit, "I just finished this book!"

This is an excellent book, well-crafted, entertaining, and, unfortunately, non-fiction. The basic theme is the chase of a fishing pirate in the territorial waters off Heard Island. This island is owned by Australia and has within its waters one of the richest remaining fishing grounds for Chilean sea bass. The big ones, and they are big, still reside here in their underwater lairs with no real serious predators. Thus, Australia considers foreign fishing trawlers with miles of long lines to be pirates stealing from the Australian people. Of course, the pirates don't see it that way.

Thus we enter the murky waters of the International Law of the Sea. The chase is exciting and carries the suspense of a long and arduous voyage through Antarctic waters as the trawler tries to make it back to Uruguay before the Australian customs officers can make an arrest by boarding. Other countries get involved and the crew that is arranged for the boarding is an interesting bunch. Diplomatic wrangling also complicates matters.

As the author tells the story of the chase, he also intersperses a number of other topics: Depletion of the ocean's fishery; marketing

(both legal and illegal) and transportation of the fish; how cooks prepare the fish; and who gets to eat it (we do, of course).

In the end we come to the trials of the crime bosses who make millions illegally importing the illegally caught fish and the prosecution of the individual pirates. What rich fare this is, now for a nice dinner of legally caught, wild Pacific salmon!

## *Gold Bars Chartering Your Boat for Money*

By Captain Conrad N. Brown.  
Shipyard Press 2005 - \$14.95  
ISBN 097699030X  
169pps plus appendices

Reviewed by Chuck Yahrling

*Gold Bars* is essentially a how-to book for those who fantasize about turning their yachting sport into a money-making business. All of the important elements are given at least a basic treatment, with the most detailed advice contained in the chapter on how to get a USCG Captain's license. I cannot disagree with any of the author's guidance, but I do feel that there's a lot more to making a go of it as a boat captain than the book presents.

For example, the chapter titled "Insurance, Safety, and Pitfalls" deals with the necessity of hull and liability insurance by urging the reader to shop around for the best rates. Can't argue with that logic, but in my experience the insurance question generally turns into a show stopper for the amateur just starting out. Other chapters offer more practical alternatives such as yacht delivery service and becoming temporary cruising crew for pay.

Each chapter has some interesting or amusing anecdotal event and shows that Mr. Brown knows what he's talking about. In my opinion, the most relevant advice he gives is for the reader to go out and press the flesh, stationing his or herself at interesting yacht cruising focal points and waiting for the owner-in-need to provide an opportunity. Once established as a reliable personality the word will get around to other owners, as he suggests, and referrals will follow. That's good advice for a person with no ties, plenty of time, and a roving spirit. It also implies that the best chances for employment will be where the most yachting occurs; i.e., in warm climates.

The writing is in a casual, friendly, but informative style. Overall the book is an easy read, you can start and finish it in an afternoon. I think it would be a good stocking stuffer for the armchair captain or for a college age boating enthusiast looking to jumpstart a tropical adventure career.

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# Delaware River Chapter TSCA Messabout 2006

By Ned Asplundh  
(Reprinted from *Mainsheet*, newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA)

Didn't we have a good time? I got there early, bringing two boats. Then the rest of the crowd started arriving and setting up. What diversity we have in our boats, new and shiny, or old and patina'd.

One of my high points is the interviews as owners tell the stories of their boat and how they came to be. There were so many boats, the bigger ones had to anchor off instead of pulling up on the beach.

The wind was mild enough that we had to rearrange the schedule so there would be enough wind for the sailboat race. It was so mild you could relax while sailing in the Tuckup. The wind gods decreed there would be no capsizes. I got a chance to sail Dan Noble's Cartopper while he sailed my canoe.

The organization was smooth and seamless as we sailed through the singing, the trivia contest, the rowing, paddling, and sailing races. Then the awards were presented and we hoisted the boats back on their trailers for a quiet drive home. It was all worth it.



John Guidera in his Melonseed looking for a decent breeze.



Harold Bernard sails his recently completed MacGregor canoe.



Mike Wick in his Bolger Gypsy, *Bluestocking*, with windsurfer rig.

Thomas Eakins and Marion Brewington sail in company. Pete's boat is not reefed, that's his new sail cut to keep the boom from catching water to loo'ard.



One of the more unusual craft in attendance was this 1962 German-built amphibious auto, the Amphicar. The owner was quite knowledgeable and friendly in demo-ing the vehicle.

It was quite a day for MacGregors. Andy and Jenny Slavinskis set off in hot pursuit of Frank's Shellback Dinghy. (Not pictured was Mike Wick's MacGregor, *Dylan*).





It was blowing 20 knots or better.

Like many Wayfarer cruising folks Margie and I are always fascinated by the thought of exploring some new, far-off place. So when the Dutch Wayfarer Association announced that they would be hosting a short cruising rally as a prelude to the European Wayfarer Championships in September, our interest was piqued. The activities would be taking place in Friesland, probably the most beautiful province of Holland. "Don't miss this opportunity to sail on some of the most lovely lakes and canals of Holland," the promo said.

Accompanying the words was a photo of a quaint village waterfront, the foreground dominated by a fleet of classic Dutch sailing barges. It was an image that ignited our imagination. Going to Holland would be expensive and the situation with international travel continued to be unsettling, so at first Margie was hesitant. However, after a few back and forth emails with our Dutch Wayfarer friend, Ton Jaspers, we were convinced and ready to make the leap to the Netherlands.

There was a special feature to this rally which was different from any previous rally

## A Wayfarer Rally in Friesland

By Dick and Margie Harrington

we'd attended that was intriguing. We would be sailing Wayfarers during the day but spending the rest of the time on a small cruise ship, a converted Dutch barge named *In Dubio*. With this arrangement we would be visiting and staying at different places each day, yet would be living in comfort and style. *In Dubio* was our mother ship where we would eat, party, and sleep. What an attractive and unique idea!

Without the enthusiastic help of our European Wayfarer friends we could hardly undertake such a grand adventure. This has been true for all of the overseas rallies we have attended, the first being in Ireland in 1997, followed by Denmark, England, Northern Ireland, and the 2003 Danish rally in Sweden. In the beginning it never occurred to us how many new Wayfarer

friends we would make or how important they would become to us over the years. Staying with us on *In Dubio* would be quite a few old friends, but also a number of new people we were anxious to meet. Getting to know the Dutch and sailing in Friesland was going to be a new and exciting experience.

The flight across and our arrival at Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport was smooth and stress-free. Margie, a nervous flyer, commented on how the big Airbus A330 never once made a bump during the flight. Somewhere outside the terminal of one of Europe's largest airports was a car with a Wayfarer being towed behind it, circling and waiting to pick us up. "Find the meeting place, it is marked by a yellow striped pole, and I'll meet you just outside," Ton had written. Outside there were three two-lane avenues of one-way traffic.

While we stood at the curb pondering which of the pedestrian islands to choose, there it was, a Wayfarer, all the way to the far side and stopped where it should not be. It was hurry up and get over there, dragging baggage across four lanes of traffic, and quickly loading it into the car's trunk. Initial greetings had been brief and the chance to refresh an old friendship rushed. Immediately we became immersed in Amsterdam's crush of traffic, which unfortunately is every bit as crazy as Boston or Chicago. Wow, we thought, we are in Holland at last!

The chance to visit Amsterdam would come later. We were on our way to Heeg in the northern province of Friesland. It was midday Friday and the rally wouldn't kick off until Sunday. Friesland is where everything would happen and Heeg was the starting point. Heeg is a small town. In Holland, a tiny country, many cities and towns are small and compact. It is a country that hosts a fascinating array of early European cities.

There is nothing in the United States comparable. Villages with main streets barely wide enough for two cars to pass and even narrower side streets that are almost always one-way are lined with residences and businesses in rows of multi-story brick buildings. Houses are but a few feet from the roadway and doorsteps often lead right to the curb's edge. Front gardens are a rarity and gazing

In Dubio in the city of Sneek.



Main street in Heeg





through a neighbor's living room window is far too easy. Privacy is certainly a premium! Yet these towns are marvelously picturesque, scrupulously clean, and retain the character of their beautiful ancient architecture.

As Americans we were used to seeing things "big," but we quickly adjusted our perspective to the small scale and enjoyed the unique architecture and cozy nature of these historical towns. Heeg, our first exposure to the "real Holland" as Ton would say, was a great place to start.

Ton dropped us at our hotel, De Watersport. The hotel's name alone is telling. We had arrived in a vacation land where on-the-water sports, mainly sailing, were king. The petite combined restaurant/hotel/B&B stands at a corner of the main street where a small swinging bridge spans a canal and antique Dutch sailing barges lay alongside the quay. De Watersport boasts a delightful veranda next to the canal that treats patrons to the entertainment of watching small sailing craft passing beneath the bridge.

The bridge only opened for larger vessels, so masts would be lowered, outboard motors throttled back, and heads ducked low. The fit was always tight and you could never be sure if the vessel would make it under. But it was a well-practiced process and fascinating to watch. That was our introduction to Friesland and we were thrilled.

Saturday night it rained hard and the wind howled outside our windows at De Watersport. Neither of us could fall asleep thinking about the prospect of going out in gale conditions the next day. Throughout the night bells of a nearby church chimed each passing hour. We covered our ears. Somehow, though, we managed some rest. Having donned fleece jackets and warm pants beneath our foul weather gear, we arrived through blowing rain at Heegerwal, the harbor. The cold fall-like day was a sharp contrast to the hot dry weather we had left in Ohio.

Ton, the Dutch Wayfarer Association Class Secretary as well as Racing Secretary, was deeply involved in planning and organizing the European Championships that were to follow. Consequently, with many last minute issues to handle, he would not be coming along on *In Dubio*. Lous de Bruyne and Francine van der Vaart, assisted by Lous' husband Hans and regional expert Jan Katgerman, would be in charge of the rally. We would be sailing Ton Jasper's Wayfarer, *Swiebertje*. *Swiebertje*, named after a well-known fictitious Dutch character who lived the life of a wayfarer, is a brand new Porter Brothers, Plus S racing hull. Ton had it impeccably outfitted for both racing and cruising. It was an exceptionally generous gesture to loan us his gorgeous new boat, but I would have been more comfortable with Ton's old Wayfarer that had accumulated numerous battle scars over the years.

Sunday's plan had been to do a "get-your-bearings" sort of sail. *In Dubio* would be arriving sometime during the afternoon. Outside the protected harbor Heegermeer, Lake Heeg, was a mass of froth and whitecaps. As a result the sailing plans were put on hold but preparations moved forward. With things going slowly we were afforded the chance to get acquainted with our fellow Dutch sailors. Urging us along was the need to find someone with a car to get our luggage from the hotel. We had no need to worry for it didn't take long for Susan and Joke to come to our rescue. After an hour or so the



Hotel De Watersport.

rain eased up but the wind continued to blow. Then a new wrinkle evolved.

*In Dubio*, already running late, had encountered an engine problem. Lous, Francine, and Hans were doing an excellent job of keeping everyone informed and dealing with a poor start to things. There is nothing to be worried about, they assured us. For a brief period they toyed with the thought of loading the boats and sailing to the stranded *In Dubio*. This, however, was greeted by some grumbles from the skippers and lots of rolling of eyes by more than one of the wives. After further consideration that possibility was put to bed and replaced by a much more attractive idea.

It was decided the group would make the short drive to the town of Sloten. Dating back to the 16th century, Sloten is an immaculately preserved miniature town that is remarkably picturesque and of considerable historical importance. We had an enjoyable visit, followed by socializing over a few beers at an outdoor cafe on the narrow brick road alongside the canal. By now we had been informed by Lous that *In Dubio* had



At Heegerwal Ton walks Dick through the ropes.

Sloten with Margie in foreground.



indeed fixed her problem. Though arriving somewhat later than planned, the now “mystical vessel” would be waiting for us at Heegerwal after all. Upon our return Hannah, *In Dubio*’s owner and operator, had prepared a delicious Dutch soup, which was soon followed by an excellent dinner.

In spite of the day’s challenges, we had enjoyed ourselves immensely and were happy. That evening, with the arrival of social hour, the saloon became filled with the singing of songs from the Wayfarer song book. Such would be the joyous gathering each evening. Songs were led by the Danish Wayfarer Stompers, Poul Ammentorp on guitar and Eloff Andersen on clarinet, accompanied by Sue Parry on guitar with Allan Parry enthusiastically officiating with supporting body and hand motions where appropriate. The two of us were having a fantastic time reuniting with old friends and making new ones.

By Monday morning the wind had subsided some but was still strong. The Heegermeer continued to roll with whitecaps, the sky remained mostly filled with thick heavy clouds, and the air was chilly. Nevertheless, conditions were considerably better than the day before. Dressed warmly and in our foul weather gear we launched the boats. There were ten Wayfarers tied off at various spots along the harbor walls, mainsails reefed and waiting for the signal to depart.

Outside the harbor *Swiebertje*’s sails suddenly filled with a bang and she was

instantly planing, taking spray over the bow. But Ton’s boat was stable and sailed very comfortably. I was glad that he had specified a larger than normal reef in the main, the grommets running above the first batten instead of below, as it was perfect for the conditions. We were excited to be at last on the water. After crossing a short stretch of open Heegermeer we regrouped in the shelter of a small bay. The wind was strong enough that one could easily make a mistake and get into trouble. Our leaders, Lous and Francine, were wisely being cautious. From the beginning they established that there would be a lead boat, as well as a trailing boat, to be sure of keeping the group together and under watch. It would not be long before this emphasis on keeping everyone together proved its worth.

Each evening following dinner the cruise leaders, consulting with Hannah, spent quite a long time plotting the sailing plan for the next day. Had I been able to understand Dutch I would have been greatly tempted to eavesdrop. But instead, like everyone else, I was forced to be patient and wait until the skippers’ meeting the next morning before finding out in which direction we’d be sailing. Still, even after being told, some of us had little more than a foggy idea of how we were to reach our destination. We were dependent upon the leaders to show us the way.

A glance at the chart of this part of Friesland reveals an amazing picture. The

province is laced with a phenomenal complex of canals and lakes that resembles a confusing web of waterways. It would seem that if not careful one could head off in almost any direction and become absolutely lost. Successful navigation calls for local knowledge combined with careful attention and concentration. There hadn’t been time to study the chart, so with all its Dutch names and unfamiliar symbols it looked daunting.

Then there were the bridges that had to be taken into account. At the conclusion of each skippers’ meeting there would be the bridge “discussion.” “We will have four, five, six, etc., bridges today,” we would be told. Except for paying the toll, the smaller bridges weren’t so tricky. But the larger main highway ones presented a different story. These posed a serious obstacle that required strategic planning. Such bridges opened only at specific intervals. You had to be on station, organized, and ready to get through in a hurry with no fumbling around. Motoring and towing were called for in many instances.

Lastly, there was the bridge protocol, the light signals that needed to be understood and obeyed. Red, of course, signified wait. Red and green meant that “I see you, please stand by,” while green meant hit the gas now before I close again. Were we disturbed by any of this? Heck, no! This was a wonderful learning experience for both of us and part of the reason we came to Holland to sail.

With such a good following wind the leaders had planned a moderately ambitious sail for Monday. However, they couldn’t be expected to anticipate a capsized. With a southwesterly wind at 20 knots or better we were anticipating rejoining *In Dubio* around 17:00 hours just south of the city of Grou. By my determination the distance measured between 17 to 18 nautical miles. The route took us through six canals and four lakes. Included were at least six bridges, both small and large.

An hour or so into the trip one of the boats at the end of the pack capsized. At the time the group was divided into three knots. Margie and I were in the middle and weren’t aware of the situation. Nevertheless, effective communications were conducted between the leaders over cell phones. So when our group pulled into one of the small boat landings, a wonderful and prevalent feature along the canals, we assumed it was just for another break. The expected short break became lengthy, but when word finally arrived that there were no serious consequences resulting from the capsized everyone was relieved.

After that it was decided everyone should reduce sail to genoas only. Though this slowed our progress and added to a later than planned arrival, it made for safer sailing. Occasionally, following a turn in the canal, some difficulty was encountered when the wind came more onto the bow. Margie and I were impressed by how well the more practiced skippers were able to handle being on-the-wind under foresail alone, while others, such as ourselves, struggled. Following one embarrassing incident where *Swiebertje* refused to come about and smacked into the side of a canal, we reverted back to the main for a while. Later we just resorted to cranking up the outboard when things got too frustrating. Not being able to point high made for intervals when there was a good deal of short tacking and boat dodging. This was all taken good-naturedly.



The Wayfarer group enjoying Sloten.

Genoa only and still moving!





We enjoyed four marvelous days exploring many fascinating nooks and crannies of a handful of Friesland's beautiful lakes and canals, a sampling of what awaits discovery by an adventurous sailor. On several days a fresh breeze filled our sails with vigor, like it did on Monday. However, there were also times when it was less breezy. One day when the wind was light we found ourselves gently drifting between the banks of a tiny canal. The Wayfarers were bunched together on a narrow waterway that seemed to aimlessly meander through peaceful meadows where the only visible inhabitants were cows and sheep munching on grass. Inching through tight spaces and competing for room with our fellow sailors took a watchful eye to avoid losing our wind, having an encounter, or tangling with an overhanging tree. It was a time of lots of laughter.

While the lakes at times could be choppy and test our sailing skill, sailing the canals was easy and relaxing. Traveling the canals through scenic rural farmlands instilled within us the true sense of closeness to nature that seems to be a trademark of Holland. The views are unobstructed by any commercial or residential development, wildlife abounds and picturesque windmills dot the beautiful Dutch countryside. The countless conveniently located small boat landings were perfect picnic lunch stops that provided many photo opportunities. We enjoyed these pleasant breaks as they gave us a chance to get to know everyone better.

Being past the "high season" we were surprised by the amount of boating activity encountered. It was exciting to see so many traditional Dutch sailing barges and motor yachts on the water. In addition, there were a lot of smaller sailing craft knocking about. The Dutch Falcon class, a gaff headed, flat bottom, centerboard cutter rig which appears to be around 18' long, was prominent throughout the area. The courtesy shown toward us on the canals by larger yachts was always exemplary. We were impressed by the Dutch government's stringent requirements limiting high speed craft to restricted areas on the lakes and can't recall seeing a single jet ski the whole time.

There are certain scenes that will be forever burned into our memories. Foremost is the gathering and waiting at the bridges. Entering the narrow bridge opening the Wayfarers began to bunch up and jockey for room while the crews tried to grab the swinging wooden shoes lowered by the bridge tender to collect the fee of one-ten Euros. Another occasion found us sailing through an aqueduct. Looking down we saw automobiles driving underneath the canal. It was an odd feeling. One of our favorites, however, was a peaceful evening relaxing on the deck of *In Dubio* and seeing ten Wayfarers, five to a side, contently moored to the mother ship.

The excitement of exploring a picturesque town or village always tops our list of memorable events. Arriving at a town by Wayfarer always feels like a grand adventure. Having experienced Friesland it is difficult to imagine any place in the world having more to offer in this regard. One day we sailed to Grou, landing at the town dock. Immediately we were immersed in the center of this quaint town and its shopping district. It was delightful to explore the town and capture interesting photos.

During the return trip to Heeg we met up with *In Dubio* in the city of Sneek for the



One of the many lunch breaks.

night. *In Dubio* was moored alongside the canal's quay among a number of permanent resident houseboats right in the center of the city. Motoring through the center of Sneek we passed under several bridges then next to the city's famous ancient stone arch. Margie was thrilled to be able to snap a fantastic photo of the parade of Wayfarers framed beneath this magnificent arch.

Sneek has a reputation as a popular meeting place for sailors during the summer months. There is also much to explore in this city, including its outstanding and well-known maritime museum. The many restaurants, with their outdoor patios lining the narrow canal in the town center, were great social gathering places for our group to enjoy lunch and a beer or two. Following the rally Margie and I would return to Sneek, staying at a B&B for several days. This would become one of our favorite cities in Holland.

Lous and Francine, with the help of Hans and Jan, did an outstanding job of planning and running the rally. We are grateful for their hard work and forethought. Sailing Friesland's lakes and canals, as well as seeing some of its cities, was a wonderful adventure. It expanded our horizons and gave us much enjoyment. We have gotten to know our Dutch Wayfarer friends much better than before and look forward to sharing our experiences with others. Lastly, we want to express our gratitude to Ton Jaspers for all his help and for so generously and bravely loaning us his beautiful *Swiebertje*.

A typical bridge scene.



Wayfarers snuggle alongside *In Dubio*.

Sneek's famous city gate.



The note in my journal says, "What a unique sailing experience I am having!" I was writing the notes by the light of an LED headlamp because the sun had gone down. My watch showed that it was exactly 7pm.

Normally when I take overnight trips on my sailboat (a West Wight Potter 15) I plan everything and load the boat the day before I depart for the lake. I like to get started before the sun rises and be ready to sail when the morning breeze starts. That day I launched the boat at around 4pm. I had decided to make the excursion while I was walking home after completing my morning exercise routine at the YMCA.

Since I was almost completely unprepared to spend time on the boat, I had to make a visit to the grocery store. It was mid-afternoon by the time I had filled my water jugs and loaded all my equipment into the boat. At the last minute I discovered a blown bulb in one of the trailer lights. I was glad that I had a replacement at the house.

Another thing that made this trip unusual was that it was the first time I enjoyed sailing as a retired person. A couple of weeks before my little cruise, I got caught up in one of those early retirement schemes that are sweeping the industries of this nation.

So I got launched at Cook Public Use Area (Percy Priest Lake near Nashville, Tennessee) without too much difficulty. There were about six vehicles in the parking lot but no action on the ramp or at the dock. One important thing about this particular launch facility is that it nearly always gets pounded by any sort of passing storm. The dock bears testament to this abuse. It is a floating concrete dock but it rests at an odd angle with the end closest to the shore nearly submerged. The protective rubber rail has been torn off the corners and most of the cleats have been pulled out by boats bouncing wildly in the large waves rolling up toward the shore.

That afternoon I rowed out a ways and hoisted sail but it was kind of hopeless. My goal was to sail about three miles to Vivrett Creek Public Use Area which is a quiet place to spend the night. This is because a good-sized portion of the lake at the upstream end of Vivrett Creek has been designated as a "no wake" zone. I sailed slowly in a not very advantageous direction for about an hour before I admitted that I needed to choose a closer anchorage and get busy with the oars.

At least Plan B was a good one. I chose a suitable place, got one of the anchors on the bottom (a large Danforth), and had time to eat some wheat crackers, cold chicken, and an apple before the sun went down.

The journal reads, "The boat is a mess. Finding stuff is a process of pulling some things out into the cockpit and then sort of shoveling things from one side of the cabin to the other. The centerboard trunk serves as a separator. It's easy to tell that I loaded the boat in a really big hurry. So far it looks like I have everything that I need, though."

I was only a mile and a half from where I launched but I was anchored in a great cove. On summer weekends lots of cruisers compete for space in this little bay. It is a deep notch in a fairly big island called Bear Island. It was not given its name because of being inhabited by bears. It actually has the shape of a bear if one looks at its outline on the map. The cove I was anchored in is between the bears forelegs and his hind ones.

## Messing About in Middle Tennessee

By Scott Etterman

There is a sailing club (Percy Priest Yacht Club) about two miles west of my location in a bay called Hamilton Creek. If it were the weekend and it were a summer night the cove might be heavily occupied. But it was October and it was Tuesday so I had the area to myself except for a couple of powerboats just outside the cove. I have no doubt that they intended to come into the cove but my presence made them uncomfortable.

One of the boats was a pontoon boat and the other a little houseboat. I could hear the conversation of the occupants clearly from half a mile away. They were discussing people they didn't like at the office. It reminded me that office gossip wouldn't play much of a role in my future. I also heard the call of an owl from the darkness of the island. The call was very close and quite beautiful.

Earlier I observed an osprey carrying a small shiny fish. He found a dead tree at the water's edge where he could perch comfortably to enjoy his meal.

I was really surprised how many powerboats were running about on the lake that afternoon. The weather had been remarkably good, though, it had been in the high 80s and it was predicted to be in the low 60s during the night. Perfect for sleeping in the boat.

There were lots of mosquitoes that evening. It's unusual to see any in that part of the lake. The shores are not marshy and there aren't puddles on Bear Island. The repellent seemed to be effective, fortunately.

The moon was gorgeous. It was about three quarters full and it was a warm yellow color that contrasted nicely with the cool white of my homemade LED anchor light.

The loud people in the two powerboats fired up their outboards and went roaring away. After their departure it was just me and the splashing of hungry fish. Lots of fish seemed to be feeding that night. There wasn't a breath of air moving. It was the calmest night imaginable. Clear, too. I woke up sometime after midnight and, when I opened the sliding hatch, I found myself staring directly at the constellation Orion.

Wednesday morning I woke up to a beautiful morning with everything glowing pink. It was very, very calm in the cove and I could see lots of fish. I fed crackers to the bluegills but they would spit them out as soon as they snatched them.

I had my breakfast of fruit juice and oatmeal bars, got the anchor up, and rowed out of the cove. There was a light but steady breeze blowing almost directly from my destination, the Wildlife Management Area at Poole Knob Public Area about six miles to the southeast.

It was a wonderful day of mostly slow sailing under a perfect blue sky with warm sunshine. Sometimes the wind would stop entirely and I just waited for it to return. I did paddle a little sometimes with the blade half of an oar but it was just to keep myself occupied. My Potter steers itself nearly all of the time. I use a shock card to keep the tiller centered and control the boat by moving my weight and adjusting the centerboard and sails. I have some homemade cushions so I can lounge about comfortably in the cockpit.

I ran aground once but it was really not much of an event. I had already tacked to sail away from an area that I could see was shallow when the centerboard touched the soft bottom. I held it up a few inches with my hand for half a minute and we were on our way.

My goal was to reach the Wildlife Management Area by 3pm. By some odd miracle I crossed the buoy line and entered the area at exactly 3pm! I put down one anchor (the big Danforth) in about 5' of water. Since no one else was in the bay I put out an 8:1 scope. I had supper as soon as the boat was tied up.

The lake was really, really calm by 6pm. I could hear some motorboats in the distance and I could see someone fishing but he was over a mile away.

Earlier in the day I had seen some Great Blue herons sitting on the water like ducks. I have seen this behavior once before but it seems out of character.

The evening was sunny, calm, and beautiful but the radio said there was a 40% chance of rain during the night. It seemed unlikely to me because there weren't many clouds. It was really warm, too, 81° according to the radio. I made sure that I could find the hatchboards that would be needed to keep rain from blowing in the companionway.

I saw lots of butterflies crossing the lake that day. I admired their courage for undertaking such a challenging voyage. They seem to fly perpendicular to the wind and it appeared to take a lot of energy. I noticed one butterfly that was soaring high above the water. The sunlight through his wings was a dark orange. A Monarch, of course. He hardly seemed to move his wings at all.

That evening the tranquility was upset by someone I could not see firing a shotgun. I didn't count the discharges but I think there were nine. Duck hunters, I supposed. In the Wildlife Management area? I expected that I would hear their boat motor when they came out of hiding after it got fully dark. I didn't hear a boat, though, so they must have arrived by land. It takes some imagination to think of hunting ducks on Percy Priest Lake as a sport. The ducks are practically like family pets. They approach to beg for snacks every time I go boating. I could bag my limit by offering them bread crumbs and then clobbering them with an oar.

The bug situation was odd on that trip. That night I was in a place with a lot of marsh where I normally find plenty of mosquitoes and there didn't seem to be any. Maybe later, I thought. Right then the sky was turning red so I was prepared to be a "delighted" sailor.

That night the moon was whiter and it looked almost round. It seemed that it was going to be a very bright night unless some cloud cover developed. It turned out to be an unbelievably calm night. There was a bird that let out maniacal shrieks several times during the night. At least I think it was a bird. During the night a thin layer of clouds covered the sky, but there was no rain so I was able to enjoy sleeping with the companionway open.

The morning was calm, calm, calm. Everything was suffused in pink. I enjoyed my oatmeal bars and got the anchor stowed. I rowed out of the "no wake" zone around the first bend and into a tricky area full of rocks and constrained by several islands.

As I reached open water I noticed that there was a light breeze behind me. I got the mainsail up and then, just for fun, put up the



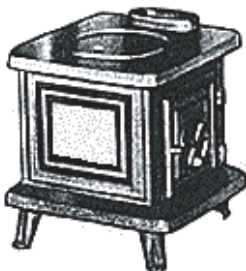
spinnaker. For about half a mile things looked grand. Then the wind stopped, but only for a couple minutes. A stronger wind arrived to collapse the spinnaker because it was perpendicular to the course I had been sailing. Since I had a clear shot between islands, I changed course and had a really excellent spinnaker run for maybe a mile before I had to head upwind to get under the Hobson Pike Bridge.

The wind was getting plenty strong by then. I was able to sail the remaining 3½ miles back to where I launched in several long upwind tacks. The wind was steadily increasing. It got to the point where I could see white horses. I would have tucked a reef in the mainsail but it was time to put the sails away and get out the oars.

I was able to row into the small bay where the dock for Cook Public Use Area floats but the wind was ornery and it kept snatching at the boat in an unpredictable manner. I rowed right up to the dock but I had to pull away at the last minute to avoid being slammed into the dilapidated dock. On my third attempt the wind gave me the chance I needed and I made a safe landing. There was a man fishing from the dock even though it is not permitted and each time I approached he would start furiously casting a spinner bait toward my boat. He walked silently away when I finally landed and tied up where the cleats have been ripped out of the dock.


I got my trailer into the water but the wind made it tough to put the boat on. I succeeded on the third attempt. By this time the weather was getting pretty wild. The sky was dark and clouds were racing. The temperature dropped 15° in a manner of minutes. The lake looked positively scary. I was certain that I would get caught in a downpour while I was lowering my mast and preparing the boat for traveling down the road, but it never rained a drop and the boat and I made it safely home with another good adventure tale to share with my messabout friends!

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# Don't Call the Coast Guard

By Dana Miller

Reprinted from the *New England Windsurfing Journal*

You're probably aware that in Europe people have to pay for their own rescues. I believe we should as well. And since I'd rather not afford one, I'm content to rescue myself. I don't care how bad it looks. Besides, it's a given there will be times the ocean is going to beat us down and make us swim. And I am nothing but grateful both for the lessons I come away with and that, in return for enduring the cruelties, there can come one of the most joyous feelings I know. The one that comes as I sneak over the wave sets as they're feathering to pitch, pump madly down the backs, carve wide of the last peak, and realize that I've made it out.

Of course, the only thing the people on the beach usually see is me getting pummeled by the seemingly endless whitewater on the second bar and then I'm gone. How can they know that I'm so totally into windsurfing that I live in my van year-round to help minimize my overhead and maximize my time next to and on the water? So consumed that it's not enough to train at windsurfing a couple hundred days a year? So oblivious to the dangers that I was trying to sail out on the surf before I even knew what a water start was, much less able to do one in a swell? And that going up against conditions beyond my abilities has been a recurring theme over the years and, well, still is.

While that's a personal risk I've never been afraid to take, I've always had a committed desire to keep that risk personal by not getting anyone else involved. But no doubt more than a few people have looked out from the decks of their oceanfront houses on those big New England storms and watched a lone sail dodging the close-outs on the third bar while wondering just what the hell I was doing out there. Perhaps it would be a little easier for them to understand if they only knew how heavily I train. Or how fussy I am about the strength and condition of my gear. Or how amazing it is out there when vast expanses of the third bar are swept clean of even a hint of texture by the massive sets rolling through. And how those moments bring you to a far more humble perception of your relationship with nature.

I know I've been a bit of a problem child. "Where is that boy's mother?" onlookers were heard to say when, as a kid, I had single handed a Sunfish into the distance and was but a speck. And now that I'm single handing windsurfers off into the distance, people have already called the Coast Guard on me three times that I know of, a couple of times here on Hatteras and another time at the Florence Jetty out in Oregon. Happily the authorities have figured each time that I was an experienced rider and not mounted a search.

Sure, in every case the seas were large and I seemed to disappear, though I was actually out having a pretty amazing time. Especially that Florence sesh as the sets were well over mast-high and groomed to perfection. Sure it got late and the fog came in and everybody else had quit, but it was still windy and the rides were beyond epic.

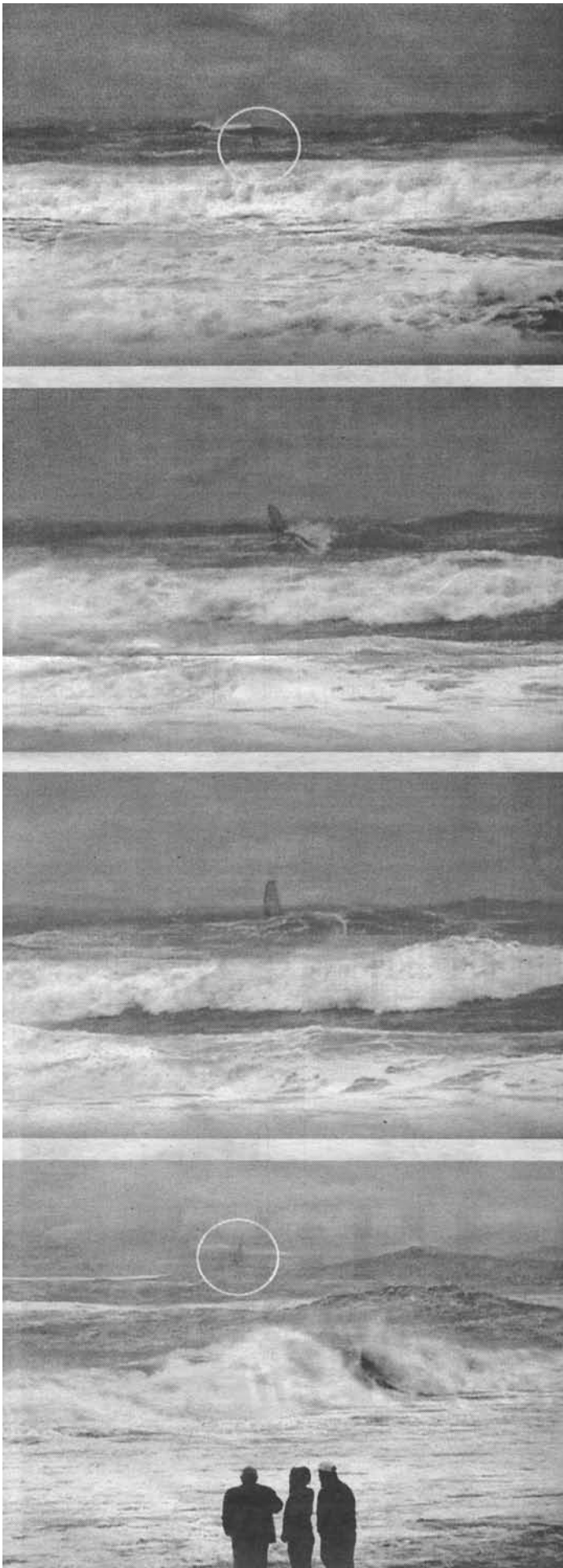
Then there was the time Edouard was coming on and I was down at the Hatteras turnout trying to get past some fairly intense whitewater action not even a hundred yards off the beach. Someone from the Coast Guard dropped by to inform the gallery they would have to evacuate the dune. Upon seeing me on the water, word has it he passed down some official Coast Guard disapproval of my actions and added that it was gonna be awhile if I had to be rescued.

But in my defense, it was blowing nearly a quarter onshore and I would've washed in long before they could have even come looking. Apparently he also took the opportunity to hand down some more official Coast Guard disapproval of my sail color. Or the lack thereof, as I used to fly nearly all-white sails with just some black trim which provided excellent camouflage when the waves were breaking all the way to the horizon.

It seems to me this society is starving for carnage. It sells the news and captivates the masses for months on end. With hockey or

---

Left: "Where is That Boy's Mother?" The author sneaking out from the north end of Avon back in May. The wind was 20 to 35 out of the north. Heavy current, the water in the mid-50s, the air about the same. And I can only imagine what someone's mother might have thought. Much gratitude and respect to Lane Dupont for the video from which these frames were grabbed.





wrestling, nothing seems to get the fans up and standing on their seats like a fight. In traffic, people creep by an accident somehow transfixed on the twisted metal, hoping for a glimpse of a twisted body as well, I suspect. So why not just let me ride. No rescue for me, thank you very much. If they want some carnage, I'm all about providing as much as I can stand.

I'll charge mast-high whitewater until I either make it out or wash back in with my stuff rolled into a little ball. I can deal with the hold-downs, the reef rash, and the shredded sails. The stitches, sprains, welts, bruises, blown eardrums, and broken bones. I've sacrificed more gear than I would care to admit. I've been bumped by a shark, nearly knocked out through my helmet, and limped from the water's edge more often than not. I wanna go. And don't just tease me with that gale warning. I'd never seen it too windy to

go out until Alex kicked my windsurfing ass with gusts well over 100.

So there's nothing quite like that look of shocked disbelief from the tourist when they realize I intend to go out there and windsurf. It's almost as sweet as the pleasure that comes from informing them that while it may seem to them awfully windy out there, it's really only just getting good.

All I ask is that the powers-that-be look the other way till I get off the beach. I'll joyfully sign any release, absolve all knowledge, and pretend it didn't happen. Just don't make me evacuate. And don't even think about calling the Coast Guard. For no way could I deal with obligating anyone to risk themselves just because someone thought it was too gnarly to be out windsurfing. Sure, you might be thinking, that's easy to say all warm and dry as I sit in front of my computer, but leave me to it. If I blow it, that's my choice.


Let the sharks have me and I'll rest far more comfortably knowing no one had to deal with my body.

If only they knew how the wind brings so many of the most intense feelings I've ever had. Up there with that "one with the ocean" I and the "I'm out!" feeling is, of course, when I look "up" and see tiny ripples in the distance. Body and mind totally numb with the rush, yet you just gotta keep holding on, even though you can't actually feel the boom in your hands and are way higher than you expected. It's pure. Yeah, I'm so stoked I get to windsurf.

I wonder if it was a boardhead who once said, "You're all right till you aren't... everything is okay till it isn't."

(Peter Bogucki has been publishing *New England Windsurfing Journal* for over 20 years. P.O. Box 371, Milford, CT 06460, (203) 876-2001, pbogucki@sbcglobal)

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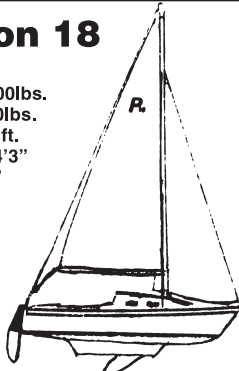


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On October 21 we paddled the Nashua River from Still River Depot in Harvard, Massachusetts, to the Pepperell canoe launching site at Route 119 under the leadership of Tom Heys, who took a lot of time scouting and planning for this trip. As a result of good planning the trip went smoothly with no big surprises.

Trippers Tom Heys, Dave and Haley Morrison, Ed Howard, and I met at the Still River Depot (location of a long gone railroad stop) and decided to leave one shuttle vehicle at the Route 2A bridge in Ayer, the halfway point, and another vehicle at the Pepperell landing. This decision was made because at 8:30am the temperature was still in the 40s and the wind was gusting from the northwest. We wanted an option for an early take-out if the river conditions were on the extreme side.

Dave and Haley brought their 18½' E.M White, Tom had his 15' solo canoe, and Ed and I used Ed's big 18' Old Town Guide with a fresh coat of blue paint covering the scratches from its last Charles River adventure.

Layered up, we hit the water at 9:45am and with all the water running downstream from the rain in the last few days we were flying toward our destination. Within a few minutes the sun was doing its job and we started taking off layers. The wind really never became much of a factor as the river banks created a wind barrier for most of the trip.

For the first portion of the journey the Oxbow National Wildlife Area was on the right and the former Fort Devens firing range was on the left. Yes, Fort Devens is closed but the range is still active and is used on weekends by reservists and police departments for practice. It's always fun to paddle to the music of automatic firearms! Soon we were past the Devens area, passed under Route 2, and arrived at the only portage of the day. This 100-yard portage was mandated by the dam at the location of what used to be the Ayer Ice Company. The ice business is gone but the dam remains, with an impressive amount of water going over it.

Another party of canoeists was at the portage, four men in two canoes. One was a Wenonah with "tractor seats" and the other was an Old Town Penobscot. These guys must have spent the past 30 days at EMS, REI, and L.L.Bean! They had every high tech toy available on board. Back rests, cushions, bent shaft paddles (with special cases to protect them), GPS mounted in a special thwart mount, two-way radios attached to their jacket collars like the cops do. This is just what I noticed in a few minutes at the portage while they were trying to carry these things, loaded with gear along the trail. We must have looked like the poor cousins with our minimalist equipment but I think we had more fun.

After the portage the river picked up some speed and we were at the Route 2A crossing at noon, just in time for lunch. We chose a quiet, wooded spot just before the confluence with the Squannacook River, in the sun and out of the wind. It just doesn't get any better than this.

After lunch we ignored the vehicle we had spotted here and re-launched for the second half of the voyage which duplicated what we did last year on what turned out to be too short of a trip for this pretty river. We were impressed by the lack of development along the way, there was hardly a house or anything on either side of the river until we

## Nashua River Outing Ends Norumbega Season

By Steve Lapey  
Photo by Tom Heys

arrived at the Groton School. The school has an outstanding boathouse on their grounds to support their crew. Tom reports that they use this stretch of the river for their practice (and competition!) sessions.

Tom and Dave did a good job of keeping track of the birds that we spotted today. Twenty-one species were recorded, from a Black-Capped Chickadee to a Wood Duck. Just after 2:00pm we arrived at the Groton landing where we gathered cars and canoes and everyone departed on their separate ways.



Dave and Haley, Steve and Ed at the Ice Company Dam.

### Complete Bird List From the Nashua River

Black-Capped Chickadee  
Black Duck  
Blue Jay  
Broad Winged Hawk  
Canada Goose  
Canvasback  
Cardinal  
Common Crow  
Great Blue Heron  
Hairy Woodpecker  
Mallard Duck  
Mourning Dove  
Phoebe  
Red Tailed Hawk  
Red Winged Blackbird  
Ring Necked Pheasant  
Robin  
Rock Dove  
Tufted Titmouse  
Turkey Vulture  
Wood Duck

## My Try at a Coracle

By Don Betts

I got distracted last July the morning after being caught in the rain on the ferry with some ¼" CDX(?) on roof racks. It had taken on some curves and I had been thinking about the coracle on the lawn at Mystic, and the round boats that I had tried there about 15 years ago, and how I could put off the big boat a little more and have some immediate fun.

So I cut an ellipse about 40"x50" and cut a 4" dart out, pulled the edges together, and had a shallow cone for a bottom. Then I cut some 10"x48" strips and butted them together for the sides, tied it all together with some copper wire, pulled it into shape on a 2"x6" cross, broke out the epoxy and 1½" tape, glued up the inside seam, put in some 16" thwart risers just under the top edge, put it in the sun, and got called in for breakfast.

After a rest in the sun the chine was set and I flipped the boat, removed all the temporary ties, ground and sanded and taped the outside chine, and moved it back out from under the tree to cure.

Thought about gunwales, should they go inside or outside, had some old rails that could do but decided not to bother. The plywood pram on the beach is doing fine after its gunwales rotted away, the owner just stands up and uses the one cracked oar to go out to his mooring.

After lunch I tied in a 1"x6" thwart across the risers, found a paddle, and carried it down to the shore for a trial. Worked great, the stroke is like a figure eight or a side-to-side swish pulling the boat toward the paddle. Right away I noticed that it was much less effort to keep the paddle off either side rather than reaching out over the bow. So the boat went easier and faster sideways than forward.

Also noticed:

1. The boat went where directed just fine, but its strong point was going in circles.
2. The boat rolled to and fro and up and down the beach, not as good as it might if it was circular instead of elliptical.
3. One coracle is fun but with other people around two would be better.

So the second coracle rolls much smoother, have to be careful it doesn't get away going downhill. In the water some people get the stroke right away while others have to be kept on a line. A canoe paddle or an oar work best for the figure eight stroke, and the kayakers went just fine with their double bladed stroke. The boat is for a single person, except a line up of children on the thwart is another way to go. The top speed of the boat seems to be the same as a yellow lab swimming but the boat can go much faster in circles.

The coracle's practical use is to go out alone to the boat on the mooring, they carry or roll down the beach much more easily than the dinghies. They are unpainted so far, I had hoped they would turn the silvery gray like plywood found on the beach but they seemed to want to grow fungus so they have been scrubbed with bleach and will be given a coating of some sort.

Round boats are nothing new; coracle (Wales), bull boat (North America), thung chai (Vietnam), parisal (India), ku-dru or kowa (Tibet), taraibune (Japan), gafa (Iraq), and plywood by Toby Churchill.



I never have been more reverent for people after they are dead than I was when they were alive. I mean, it just don't make any sense to me to overlook the facts of the matter. Might as well not hold back on a good story just because the person it is about ain't around to enjoy it.

I built a boat for an old, old friend of mine. We had been friends for a long, long time and he was just about on his last legs when he ordered this boat. He already had three of my boats and though he was so decrepit that he wasn't able to use any of them, when he ordered this one he didn't think he was quite through yet. What he wanted this time was a tiny pirogue. He said that he was going to get his granddaughters to take him down to his pond, lay him out in the bottom of it (he specified that it have no thwarts), cover him with his wool afghan, and push him out away from the bank to drift in the sun every now and then when the weather was fine for what he was sure was his last winter in Georgia. I dropped everything and went to work, but in spite of that I was too late.

I had invented this way to make these little extra-light model-bow pirogues a long time ago and they were hot sellers among high-card duck hunters who owned swamp land down in south Louisiana. The way they were built was that the whole bottom of the boat was made out of two wide poplar (tulip poplar, *Liriodendron tulipifera*) boards which were carved so that they were kind of thick along the edges in the wide part of the boat to form sort of a chine to fasten the sides to, but were tapered thin at the ends so that they could be pulled up to the stems to form a hollow entry and fine place at the stem to ease loose of the water. The bottom boards of the sides fastened along the bottom planking chine-style in the middle and then rolled around so that the forward and aft of the boat became lapstrake with rebates where the planks joined the stem and stempost.

Though there were only two topside planks to the side, the flexibility of the poplar allowed me to get a good flare and made a pretty good looking little pirogue if I do say so myself... light, too... didn't have to have but two or three frames. A 12' one some t34" wide only weighed 30 pounds or so but then the sides weren't but about 9" high in the middle. You can say that such a thing is too little to be useful if you want to, but down where the pirogue is (or used to be) the true tool, it ain't uncommon for two big men to stand up in one littler than that and each shoot a 12-gauge shotgun out the same side (at baited ducks on the water before legal daylight, most likely). Of course, the water is so shallow most places that if they had to step out for a minute to catch their balance they would hardly get their shoes wet.

So my old friend had always wanted to figure out why he needed one of those little boats and it is too bad that he was dead before he finally got his chance. When I heard that he had had what was certainly his final stroke, I went to the family and told them that they needed to feel no obligation to me for the almost finished little boat, but they assured me that there was nothing that the old man would want better than for them to take it.

They said that when he finished dying, they would dress up the littlest of the great granddaughters and let her take his ashes out into the pond in it and let him fly. I went out

## The Best of Robb White 1997-2000

### Dead Man's Boat

By Robb White

(In this final installment of this series in memory of Robb, he discusses the death of an old friend and last minute customer. When it was published in the November 15, 2000 issue, Robb was happily unaware of how suddenly it would overtake him in 2006.)

on the side porch where they had him lying in a hospital bed to see if I couldn't get one last rise out of him but even my little statuette of the Virgin of Willendorf failed to move him and I knew I needed to hurry back to the shop and get to work.

Everything would have turned out all right except for his youngest son. He has three sons who I knew well because they were in my cabin at camp three summers in a row. All three of them were wild for adventures in the woods, creeks, and swamps around the camp and my cabin of boys always came back more muddy and scratched up than all the others and were sometimes late for supper. Two of those boys have slowed down enough to function fine in the regular world but the youngest turned out to be one of those people who is just too enthusiastic to adapt well. He has been wrapped up to the eyeballs in more wild schemes and reckless jobs than anybody I know, most of them somehow involving paint.

One time he had a job painting the inside of the pipes leading water to the turbines under Boulder Dam in Colorado. He told me all about it. He had to crawl about a mile through this 18" pipe dragging his paint, a big electric hotplate, a long extension cord, and an air hose. Once he got to the place where he left off last time, he cooked his paint on the hot plate until it was blistering hot and lay on his back while he daubed all around the inside of the pipe. As he worked, he had to rearrange his air hose to blow enough air on him so that he could continue to live and he had to backtrack to drag the hose and extension cord out of his way.

He said that the whole business was a pain in the ass but that he made enough money in some four or five months to buy a good used Corvette and make a trip way down into Mexico almost to Nicaragua where it was stolen along with all his belongings... he had to hitchhike back to Panacea. But, like the old song, "it was worth it for the time that I had," he said. After that job he painted television and water towers and even had a job spraying blimps. He was a regular paint man and when his father died he was in the newly discovered polyurethane varnish business (now he buys surplus Navy paint and sells it to boatyards all up and down the East Coast out of his sailboat).

His family always had plenty of confidence in him and supported every one of his adventurous notions, so they insisted that I varnish the little pirogue with his product. I had been epoxyfying my boats for quite a

while by then but was still using automotive clearcoat acrylic lacquer to protect the epoxy from the sun (which works pretty good). The son had told me of the wonders of this polyurethane and, though talk is cheap, I was anxious to try it out and since these people were perfectly willing to take the burden of proof on themselves, I sprayed the little boat.

It wet out and flowed into itself so well that I was astonished. The spray gun worked better, too, the recommended viscosity would have made a mess of a lacquer job but though it stayed liquid so long that it absorbed the overspray most miraculously, there were no curtains, runs, or orange peel. If it could stand the weather like it was supposed to, it would certainly be the trick for protecting solventless epoxy.

After the solvent flashed out I sprayed on another coat. There was no sign of any tendency to curtain so I turned up the heat and let her rip again. After the solvent of the third coat had evaporated I measured a wet film thickness of between five or six mils all over the whole boat and, considering the circumstances, decided to stop right there. Wow, it shone like a diamond in a goat's ass.

The next morning it was still gleaming in there. We had just had a good rain to cut down the pollen (chased the old man's barbecuing wake inside) and my dust machine had worked good. Except for one or two bug turds I had a perfect varnish job. The paint was still sticky enough for me to pick out the turds and swipe the place with my wet finger. I called the family and told them that I probably wouldn't be able to deliver the boat until the next morning and they said that that would be fine because they were having such a good time remembering the old man that they were in no hurry.

"Might as well come eat some of these Apalachicola oysters with us while you are waiting." I went, too, and stayed mighty late because I met another old man who had served on board of a patrol boat as engineer for the old man ("captain," old man) during WWI and we got to talking. He was an amateur machinist and was just about to finish up a little Stuart Turner 5A that he had been working on for over a year. I told him that I had just the boat for it waiting for the varnish to get dry.

I can see that this story is fixing to get out of hand so I'll cut it short. Three days later the damned pirogue was still sticky and the wake was about ready to disperse so I gingerly took it to the pond and spread out a piece of plastic on the bottom for the little girl (about four years old) in her pinafore. She set the urn in front of her on the sticky bottom of the boat and took up the double paddle.

Though she had only had a little pirogue experience it had sprung up a good breeze of fair wind and she set off for the middle of the pond to the cheers of all the old man's relatives and friends. We could see her busily strewing ashes on all sides. The whole operation looked a little like dervish work but she got it done. We all ran around to the lee side of the pond for her triumphant arrival. From the looks of the boat and her, I don't think but about half of the old man made it to the water. It took me five gallons of acetone to get him and that varnish off the boat.

There are two morals to this story... one is never to trust the compatibility of two wonder substances until you do the experiments, and the other is don't wait until you are dead to do your messing.

A couple of years ago now, I got an email from a fellow who had discovered me somewhere on the Web. He was looking for a small row/sail boat and thought that I might have the perfect boat for him. While modest, almost to a fault, I said nothing to disabuse him of this notion.

There followed a lengthy and spirited correspondence about the details of the craft which, we agreed, would be the renowned A Duckah! He favored a sprit rig which he proposed to build himself, or maybe just the sail, from a tarp. He was keen on having a bent coaming. In all particulars he deferred to my judgment since I was the “expert.” Pretty heady stuff for a guy who is generally viewed as barely competent, if that.

Early in our relationship it developed that he was involved in the selling of objects designed to enhance the frontal aspect of females. To bring me up to speed on a phenomenon of which I had only the vaguest of notions, there arrived on my doorstep a box containing two plastic blobs of a soft and fondleable nature. Keep them in your glove compartment for occasions when you are feeling lonely, he advised.

At some point our man, aka Bruce, evinced interest in joining the Kokopelli but he wouldn’t have a boat. I assured him that it would be easy to get a ride and that it would be well to contact Schoonerman Dewitt directly. Imagine Dewitt’s consternation when a box of these items fell on him out of the blue.

In due time all of the boat’s details were worked out and we reached the “check is in the mail” stage. Then no more emails and no check either. Early on Bruce had told me that he had just married off his two kids and now it was time to spend some money on the “Old Man.” It developed that he worked in southern California and commuted home to Florida. It’s not that rare an arrangement these days. I, myself, pounded the road between Annapolis and Richmond every weekend during the school year for three years.

I was neither surprised nor disappointed at the turn of events as he was not the first fellow to have slipped off the hook at the last minute. I was puzzled and suspected an accident or other disaster.

In time we re-established contact and a year later he was “on” again. To confirm it he sent a check for the full price, probably thinking that it would generate a frenzy of activity on my part. In contrast, my first thoughts were of decamping to Brazil or the South Seas.

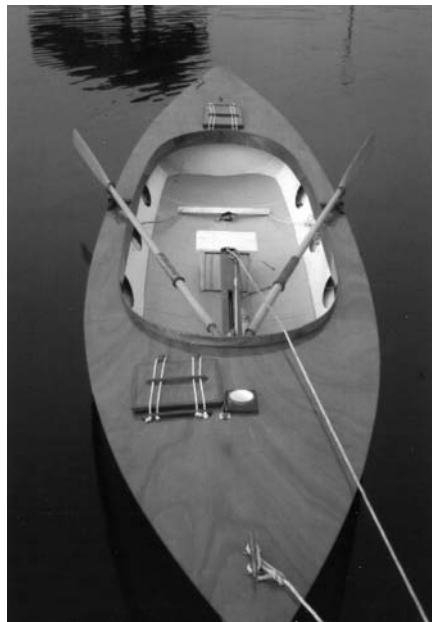
Although I had several hulls up on the hill, this was a first cabin project and called for a new hull, it being early summer and already quite warm, I had no enthusiasm for fooling with fiberglass. Early on there had been talk of having a boat for Kokopelli in early October, but that was now out of the question.

There was a time when I would have whipped out such a boat in a month or so, but them days is long gone. With Janis, my roller gal, helping, we laid up the hull in September. It was then transferred to the garage (shop) in downtown Grand Junction for fitting out. Thanks to the code people, the shop, to this day, is powered by an extension cord but is otherwise fully equipped.

Ever on the lookout for efficiency and best practices and, having several hulls in Collbran, it occurred to me that I could do a pattern boat as part of the project. Therefore, the two hulls were set up side by side and work began.

## The Boobster’s Boat or the Perfect Customer

By Jim Thayer  
Photos by Bruce Osborne



General layout.

The general layout was based on previous boats so I knew pretty well where I was headed. There would be a watertight sealed compartment ahead of the mast. For beach cruising we would have large storage compartments fore and aft with watertight hatches. Six-inch side decks would be supported by longitudinal bulkheads with cutouts to allow storage behind. A bent coaming and bright decks would dress up this sweetheart. A folding rudder and a centerboard in a fiberglass case are standard.

Fitting deck beams is not my favorite project but, hey, we are getting two for one so bear up. With decks beams faired up we are ready for a massive base for a large foredeck cleat and a rugged mast partner up against the forward bulkhead. Then comes the deck.

I cut out out the forward panel from some sort of Southeast Asia waterproof stuff, faired it up, and checked it on both hulls. It fit fine and ran aft to a point where the 4’ width intersected the gunnels.

Laying my pattern on top of some imported 1080 fancy ply, I instantly remembered that metric sheets are appreciably larger than domestic stuff. Well, the pattern was some help.

With the deck on, the boat appears nearly complete. Only after one has built a number of boats does one come to grips with the realization that, time wise, the deck is just another stop in the long climb toward that lovely craft cleaving the bright waters of the mind’s eye.

Bruce’s email citing the exigencies of work as an excuse for missing the Kokopelli was the first of many such missives. My emails detailing the triumphs of problems solved and milestones left behind were probably transparent to an executive type practiced in reading between the lines. I was, in fact, sort of puttering.

The shop was cold ‘til noon, or all day if it was cloudy. Bruce accepted this glacial pace with great good humor, assuring me that

he was lucky to have me working at all. The days were shrinking as the sun headed south. I had to go to Egypt on a felucca study mission. So it went.

Fabricating the coaming from three layers of ply was tedious (is it a bent coaming?). Finishing the deck with 40z cloth, epoxy, and varnish is a drag. Sanding is endless. I must get into scraping. Perfection is the goal but obviously unattainable. What is reasonable? In the end it still has problems but life is short.

My mind is pretty refractory, but still, experience has made a few lasting impressions. It was the Kokopelli from the dam to Bullfrog with Steve, Dennis, Linda, and the dog. The wind had gone flat and we wanted to be sure of a good camp in Hall’s Creek Bay so I was towing the A Duckah! behind the motoring Sea Pearl, lolling aboard the Pearl with Steve when we idly remarked a big semi-displacement cruiser with rotating 6’ radar antenna on the far side of the water. The boat was long out of sight and mind when a monster wake charged up at us. It was a train of three big ones that apparently just matched the natural period of the A Duckah!

She rocked, rolled, and on the third one went floop, right upside down. Steve hollered to jump in and right her. I was turning over in my mind the exact moves that would be required and then considering the pros and cons of getting soaked. As I was about to regretfully conclude that something must be done, she began to come back by herself. Rather than laying with her mast in the water as I expected, she stood right up, although distressingly low in the water. I suppose it was the foam under the side decks.

It was a classic case of just when things are most benign and relaxed, all hell breaks loose. Anyway, the point of this stirring narrative is that the watertight compartments weren’t. The hatches were secured by one piece of shock cord across the middle. Snapping and pulling at them in the shop, they seemed more than ample. However, upside down with tons of canned goods, water jugs, beer, and such, falling on them, they gave a little. Enough to let in quite a lot of agua.

So we don’t want Bruce to ever find himself in such a pickle. The answer is overkill, which is just tentative until put to some test we can’t foresee. My solution, per the attached sketch, was to secure each hatch with two loops (four strands) of shock cord. I perceive this to be bulletproof, but you never know.

With the long aft deck we run into tiller problems. A long tiller with hiking stick will do the job but the tiller will be well outboard at times and the captain will be waving a lot of wood around. That reminds me of a current controversy on the Curmudgeon website. Somebody was found racing with a carbon fiber tiller which may or may not be against the rules, depending on which sea lawyer you ask. These racing fanatics have completely lost their minds when they go overboard because somebody is saving six ounces. I understand that they are forbidden to defecate within 12 hours of the start. Reminds me of the gal who, under protest, put her bra over her shoulder (gents don’t wear tops) at the weigh in.

Now where was I? I sailed a boat once with a long stick to an arm on the rudder. Is it a tiller? It took some getting used to and might give you trouble in a panic until it becomes automatic. Even a regular tiller gives a rank beginner trouble at first.





The A DUCKAH! A lovely composition.

I was casting about for a linkage that would operate at various angles and have zero backlash. See the diagram. The socket in the rudder arm has a bit of leather as a bearing. The second hook allows for increased tension. I hope Bruce will be forthright about how this lash-up works.

Sometime after the first of the year I let on that the boat was finished, well, except for some niggling details. Bruce was delighted and started looking for a trailer and planning a pick-up trip. The original order (I guess the details are lost in the mists of time) was for just a rowing boat. Bruce had said that he liked the sprit rig and talked about making a polytarp sail. With the boat completed I allowed as how I could probably work up some sort of rig with a used Pickle sail I had in stock.

My spar pile yielded a boom and a so-so mast but no sign of a sprit. By this time the project had a stranglehold on my better judgment so I whipped out a Robb White mast. There was no tricky sanding belt work. I planed it good and let it go.

Reefing a sprit sail requires the proper set-up and even then is not the handiest thing, but my biggest complaint is that it always has a wrinkle. Snug up the snotter and it goes away, but before you know it it's back same as ever. To deal with this annoyance I ran the snotter through a turning block at the foot of the mast and back to a camcleat on the centerboard trunk. Even the little sail on the Optimist Pram is fitted with a tackle. Bruce can put a handy billy on the thing if need be.

The centerboard has no weight but is held down with a piece of shock cord with rope tail led to a camcleat. The rig that holds the board up for transport is a R. Goldberg affair which defies description.

The boat was now complete except for last minute details like oarlocks, rudder blade lift, and setting up the rig to see what I had forgotten. At this point I was loathe to tell my perfect customer that I was off for a little R&R in Mexico. I guess that there was just a gap in my email updates. Doubtless he laid it to overwork.

Finally she was finished, done, everything but the ribbon. Bruce had made a number

of stabs at setting the date but there were problems at work, projects in Florida, and no trailer yet. Then a trailer had been procured, a flat bed for hauling an inflatable. Now we were getting serious. Pick-up scenarios were made and abandoned on a weekly basis, it seemed.

Along in late March he was at the door. I introduced him to Janis as the Boobster and she seemed a trifle nonplused, in spite of having heard about him for a couple of years. Well, he was a charming fellow. He was here for Steven's b-day party and all the troops were so favorably impressed it was unanimously agreed that we should let him have the boat.

I took him up to see the legendary Collbran boatyard, and while there, gave him the obligatory Collbran city tour. We wandered through to Supply, a hardware and lumber purveyor that would do a big city proud. We wound up at the florist shop where he charmed the ladies and turned up a gal connected to the California boating scene. Bruce ordered up a bouquet for my wife, thus amping his already high stock. I can see why this guy is an ace salesman.

We put the boat on the trailer and set up the rig to gauge whether it might work. It looked reasonable. Bruce had brought along a cover for a big canoe and it just covered the deck. The spars went in the van, barely.

We sat up 'til the wee hours talking boats, of which he has an encyclopedic knowledge and a much better memory than mine. The cost of the rig came up. I promised to work up something and send a bill. To get the matter settled he gave me a blank check but admonished me to take care of myself and to forget Brazil.

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Right, from top:

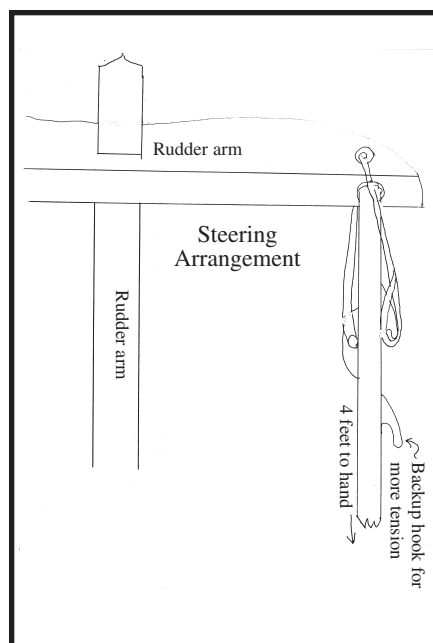
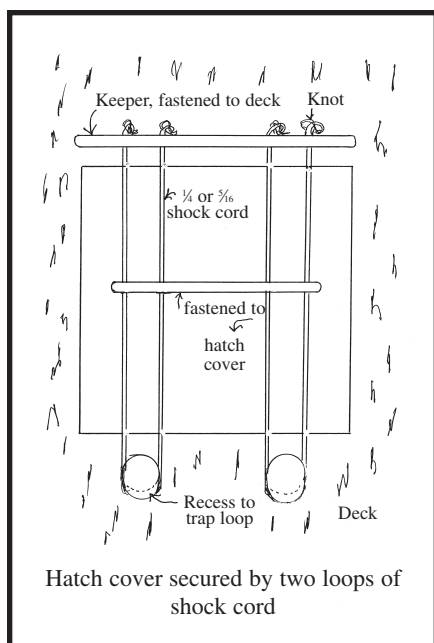
Far horizons beckon.

Case braced at fore end, unweighted board with elastic pennant.

Owner built passenger seat.

Owner built stowage/rowing seat.





The Captain's Lady.



He nearly got washed off the road but made it home without mishap. He worked up a traditional box for a rowing seat and some stretchers. Judging from the comments and pictures he is having some fun. He was coming up for Starvation, had even started packing when, out of the blue, a weekend meeting in San Diego to work out some corporate takeover deal came up. So it goes, but he'll make Kokopelli for sure, well, maybe.

Over the years I have had a lot of great customers. A surprising number I never met, just dropped the boat somewhere. Generally the new owner is there jumping up and down in anticipation, but sometimes it's a wife or neighbor. Once, somewhere around Philly, it was a mother. I'll never forget. She fixed me a liverwurst sandwich and a Rolling Rock.

Gosh, that brings the memories flooding back. I hadn't had a liverwurst sandwich since I was a kid back in Michigan with Fox Deluxe ads on the radio and Hank Greenberg on first for the Tigers.

I'm still in contact with a bunch of these people, all of them great customers. It's just that Bruce is the latest and so occupies a special place, and he's got that cute nickname. But the competition is open. I've been sitting on the deposit of Mike B. up in Rapid City for three years now. Last summer, or summer before (I forget) he came down, bringing his wheel and decided the skeg had to be deeper, so it's partly his own fault. I tell you, it ain't easy being a boatbuilder, kinda fun though.

A happy Captain Osborne.



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You might call *Mabel* a toy if you didn't know her capabilities. You could call her a little work boat or just a son-of-a-gun of a good dinghy and *Mabel* would be aptly, sufficiently described. I know, for I built one to find out, and I'll lay aside a bet that in years to come this boat will have become as much of a classic in dinghy designs as the *Rudder Lark* has been in her class of racing cat, and who hasn't heard of *Lark*? If I miss I'll drink all the tea in China.

I suppose Uffa Fox and our English cousins would probably not be satisfied to describe *Mabel* as a dinghy. Their needs, their conceptions of a dinghy, would eliminate her as being too tiny in the class, almost. For Fox and his countrymen with their wonderful dinghy designs, notably the 14-footers such as *Ariel*, must meet and have learned to love big water and big winds, and the dinghy across has developed into a capable though not particularly portable class of *Roaring Bessies*, judged by the comparative standards which have come to be accepted as such in the respective waters and only by those standards is *Mabel* in any sense a toy.

Rather, I think the second appellation is nearer right in considering her capabilities. A useful load of two people, in any water (even sailing) and three in ordinary usage is all that could be expected of a little boat which is at once truly portable, stowable, and which possesses the factor of extreme utility about a larger and less mobile cruising boat.

*Mabel* is not drab, for all her usefulness. One of the reasons her daddy is one of the busiest and most popular designers of real boats is because of his faculty for pleasing the sea loving sensibilities of men who appreciate the simplicity of adequate economy coupled with generous treatment of every detail, from drawings themselves to right down to such an intangible thing as ultimate purpose. For this reason *Mabel* is not a drab boat with two sides and a bottom. There is grace in her every line, we've got to expect it from Billy, and for proportion never have I seen a flat bottomed hull that fits the water with such duck-like grace. She is a handy jack-of-all trades (or should it be Jill?), able to hold her own in any aristocracy, even if she is popular and middle class.

It wouldn't hurt to speak of her dryness, her buoyancy, and commendable lightness, aside from the fact she sails like a scared rabbit when there is any breeze and she seems to hold her own with anything which lets her. I believe reef points in the sail are unnecessary. Any wind I'd have to reef in would make the water rough enough to make sailing in so small a craft out of the question. But I digress, this is unimportant. The meat of this note constitutes a vote for the design, together with a comment or two on the hull illustrated in the photographs, which is another *Mabel*.

I saw the plans of her in *MotorBoating* when Atkin was doing a series of designs for that paper. I determined to build, and this May I bought the lumber needed, all at market prices, for \$15, following out the design as to the right wood in the right place, and so on. The most expensive items were the brass screw fastenings, which cost \$3 or more. The sail, as per specification, was made for \$12 out of new stock, single bighted and adequately rove, by Lars Pederson, an ancient but thorough sailmaker of Wayzata, Minnesota. The boys at the Wayzata Boatbuilding Company, for whom I have

## This Dinghy *Mabel*

By E. Weston Farmer  
(Reprinted from *Fore an' Aft*, May 15, 1927)



This dinghy *Mabel*.

drawn many designs, built her for me. Two days' time, including making of molds, so you see she is easily built.

*Mabel* is not a drab boat with two sides and a bottom.



Her innards are a nice cast iron gray, with mast, dagger board, trunk top, and seats with two coats of good spar varnish. Her out-board color scheme including breasthook is pure Ripolin white, two coats. I know of no other combination more yachty for a small open boat which is quite so serviceable and easy to look at.

Save for one trivial thing, she is built to the plans. She has three strakes above the chine instead of two. It was found easier to get the topsides on without splitting the planking in the relatively light stuff. The difference is explained at a glance in the photo. I had intended to use a 6" gaff to peak the sail by, and consequently had the foot of the mast cut short to allow for it. Then I gave Pederson the sail plan and forgot my club gaff, which is no good, and when I got the sail it came to the letter and my mast didn't. Hence the lowness of the boom.

Also, I added a rudder with a center moment about equal to that of an ordinary oar. I hung it as shown. I appreciate the demountability of the proposed and specified for oar, but *Mabel* is best sailed from the floor purely on the score of stability, and in this position the oar is very tiresome so I hung a generous rudder which balances perfectly and conducts itself without any muscular effort on the part of the crew other than the normal port and starboard sweep. These points will all be appreciated by those who have built and sailed her, and further, I added a painter spliced through a stem clip to make for easy and proper towing. It always riles me to see an otherwise nautically impeccable cruising outfit going banging along and the dink yawing all over the lot because the towline is rigged so as to make her nose root. Might as well tow from the mast head as from the breasthook.

We should have more *Mabels*. Simple, prim little boats, a joy to sail, to own, to build, to pay for. You can't ask for much more from any boat, particularly when you get good looks, easy rowing, good disposition and husky lightness to boot.

Sure and I'll hold a real tea party, as I've mentioned, if my guess goes wrong. But you'll never see me in China with the lights lit, lads. The boat is a classic a'ready

Crossing the Firth of Forth on our way home from another disappointing boat hunting prowl in Scotland, my friend Dave King and I spotted a sweet looking bilge-keeler canted slightly in the mud below the bridge. My fondness for these little boats that took the ground between tides in a more or less upright position knew no bounds. I wasn't sure why. I'd found them all akimbo on the mud flats of the Welsh coast, along Merseyside sand flats, the North Sea coast, and on the banks of the Humber.

I searched them out in the yachting press and once faked a holiday with my daughter to visit a Maurice Griffiths Waterwitch ketch in Scarborough. We'd waded a quarter mile or so through the mud one very early low tide morning and Robin wouldn't speak to me the rest of the day.

Perhaps because of a peculiar jauntiness, a certain smug indifference to tides, and their bulldog-like refusal to lie (completely) over on their sides as proper keelboats should, I fell for their quirky appeal. I couldn't turn away from any of these spread-eagled harpies.

Dave and I drove down to take a look at the little ketch. As luck would have it, there was a "For Sale" sign tacked to the guardrail with a phone number. We looked her over. Dave, whose taste in yachts runs more to the high-tech racing variety and who becomes almost ill looking at the cluttered underbody of a twin or bilge-keeled sailing boat with their requisite three-bladed props and assorted other protuberances, liked this boat. We walked up to a pub on the road and called the owner, who said he'd be right down.

Quaffing our pints out on the terrace we saw a man in a brown, three-piece suit and waders making his way through the mud to the boat. Clambering down the bank we shouted a welcome and introduced ourselves to the owner and designer. He pulled a ladder down from the deck and up we went to settle down for a chat in the deep and most excellent cockpit.

Dropping below, we found a tidy galley and two good settees set in a warm mahogany interior. There was a head up in the foc's'l along with anchors, hanks of line and chain, assorted buckets, and whatnot. She looked purposeful and well cared for.

Dave made some sketches of the accommodation plan as the owner spoke passionately of the little hooker's sea-keeping qualities in her North Sea cruising grounds. What with the owner's seductive Celtic rhetoric, the fine Burmese teak joinery, and most

## The Misbegotten Bilge-Keeler & Star-Crossed Folkboat

By Richard Alan Smith

comfortable seating, objectivity was beginning to fade. I asked if I could come back and go over her a bit more thoroughly.

The next weekend I drove back to Edinburgh. The sails looked good, as did the running rigging and general equipment. My sober inspection was beginning to look like a formality but I stuck my awl in a few places, doubting I'd find many soft spots on such a yare boat. Apart from an occasional whiff of mildew and diesel, she smelled good, too.

I remembered the owner's description of the planking, an inner lamination of two diagonal and an outer longitudinal layer of pitch pine separated by tarred paper and some sort of gumpucky. Tough as nails, he said, just the thing for the North Sea. The hull was fair and as far as I could see, the seams were tight.

And then my heart sank. Scrunched up in the forepeak with a flashlight in one hand and the pick in the other, I found a gaping joint. And another. My heart sank. Planks had separated and I could see tarpaper. Repair was out of the question so I crawled out and took a last look at the homey cabin I'd almost called mine. Sadly, I folded the sails, put them back into their bags, and called the owner. We discussed the planking situation and he agreed that, though it would be possible to set it right, the extent of the problem was incalculable as would be the cost of setting the little ship right.

As I left for home, disappointed yet again but feeling as if I'd dodged a very pretty bullet, I spotted a boatyard I'd somehow missed not far from Queensferry. I drove into the most ramshackle collection of boats I'd ever seen, and I'd seen a lot in the past few months. The derelict and abandoned-to-all-hope boats were enough to break your heart. They wore their "For Sale" signs and ragged tarpaulins like threadbare tuxedos. Several had slipped their timber props and leaned against each other like a bunch of drunks.

One of these, caught in her neighbor's wet embrace of slack stays and shrouds, hal-yards, signal flags, and a shredded boat cover

was a once proud German Folkboat, strip planked and with a raised deck over the after end of the cabin. (Dave would have winced at the clinkerless hull and bulging concession to comfort.) Her varnished planking glistened through the carnage in the last of the low afternoon sunlight and the starboard navigation light seemed to wink at me rather than its assigned sector. I moved a very dodgy ladder up to the sharply angled deck and squirmed under her tattered tarp. Her handsome teak companionway slides were split or missing, someone had broken in, perhaps years ago. I looked down to the cabin where berth cushions and sundry flotsam floated in several feet of oily rainwater. The stench of mildew and gasoline was terrific.

I opened a cockpit hatch and saw that the filler to the gas tank was located well below the deck between several spent jerry cans of gasoline and oily rags. There was a mass of knotted line wrapped around a bucket of rusting wrenches and I could hear Betty Davis spitting out an apt, "What a dump!"

I don't know what made me seek out the broker, I probably wanted to use the toilet before heading for Liverpool, but I did and, as such things happen, I emerged from his office the owner of a Folkboat, of dubious pedigree, to be sure, but a Folkboat nonetheless. It was one of my least considered decisions, impetuous, no, foolish, the product of fatigue and sharp trading over some good malt whiskey. The price was, not surprisingly, low but I had forgotten dad's good advice the last time I found a long neglected boat posing as a good buy. "You can go broke saving money on boats like that, m' boy." But the search was over. The spell of the bilge-keeler was broken.

I had the boat trucked to a warehouse in Birkenhead, across the River Mersey from Liverpool, and spent several months getting her ready for shipment to Seattle. In the process I glimpsed the name, *Iorana*, dimly through layers of bad varnish.

On a whim, thoughtlessly, and in a bid to make her mine, I renamed her *Sea Robin*, partly with the thought that it might appease, or at least make up a little for my disastrous boat hunting junket disguised as a holiday with Robin on the North Yorkshire coast. It did not. Robin even reminded me that the *Sea Robin* was a particularly ugly fish. It was also the name of one of the submarines I'd trained on in New London.

The boat had to be completely rewired and the explosive fueling arrangements were brought to heel with a proper deck filler. New

The bilge keeled ketch under the Firth of Forth Bridge.



A good look at a bilge keel.







The Folkboat during refit.



Sea Robin in Puget Sound.

seat cushions were made and I replaced the deck canvas and scraped and sanded the hull to bare mahogany.

She was shipped through the Panama Canal to Seattle and trucked to Eugene, Oregon, where I spent most of a summer in a friend's back yard sistering frames, painting, and generally getting her ready for sea. She was ready by the 11th of July. Son Richard, friend Esther, and I trailered her to Olympia, Washington, and she was gently lowered into Puget Sound. Like her namesake, she went right for the bottom.

The strip planking had opened up here and there, especially at the garboard strakes. We took turns pumping, about 300 strokes on the Henderson every five minutes. The three of us kept this up all night and most of the morning until she took up. My log for the 12th reads, "...a dry bilge for my birthday (or reasonably dry)."

I sailed *Sea Robin* for three years. She was a good boat that took me wherever I wanted to go and in great style. Despite her decidedly un-Scandinavian raised cabin top she was a beautiful thing to me, graceful and

a delight to sail in any weather. I remember her heeling to a southerly gust, leaping into the froth, and thinking how happy she must be, free of her Scottish purgatory.

But problems kept emerging to challenge the good times and our infrequent optimism. We had gone through a long spell of having to change the contaminated crankcase oil each time we tried to start it until we finally discovered the problem, her badly installed and poorly maintained single cylinder gas engine had ingested too much salt water through a faulty exhaust system. She finally blew up rather dramatically as we were about to go through Deception Pass where the contents of the Pacific Ocean squeeze through this narrow and beautifully dangerous opening. We turned quickly in the last of the flood and limped into Comet Bay sounding like a packet of seeds. The resident mechanic said the old gas Volvo would make a pretty good spare anchor. Otherwise a rebuild would require ordering parts from Sweden, etc., etc. I decided to get an outboard. Within a few days a special bracket was welded up and a new British Seagull was clamped ignomin-

iously to *Sea Robin's* lovely transom.

Everything about *Sea Robin* worked but everything worked imperfectly, she couldn't seem to escape her checkered past. I would cruise the San Juan Islands and keep my eyes open for a new boat. It would be out there somewhere, rotting amidst gasoline fumes and broken frames, derelict but with the irresistible appeal of a puppy with soulful eyes and a broken leg.

**Postscript:** I sold *Sea Robin* to an earnest young man who'd sailed a lot but had never owned a boat of his own. Working at the local bike shop, he couldn't put any money down but we worked out a very dodgy pay-as-you-go scheme. I needn't have worried, payments were sent along with photographs and progress reports that arrived like clockwork on the first of each month until she was all paid for. Her new skipper loved her as I had tried to do. He lived aboard and sailed the waters of Puget Sound and beyond with happiness and good fortune. He said the first thing he did was to reclaim her original name, *Iorana*, and that, he said, was all she needed.

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I designed Pathfinder as a sleep aboard cruising dinghy, intended for harbour and coastal cruising as well as day sailing. She had to be more than ordinarily seaworthy as well as being fast enough to make safe passages on a limited weather forecast. As with most cruisers, she will do more day sailing than voyaging so the boat's sailing qualities need to be such that she is not only a stable and forgiving cruiser but also fast enough to be really good fun to sail.

I have catered for the racers with a gaff sloop rig that will be quick enough to shock those who don't expect much of a traditional rig, this rig will point as well as most conventional boats and be a lot quicker reaching and running while the yawl rig, only very slightly slower, is a wonderful cruising rig, allowing many options when shortening sail, enabling the boat to heave-to head to wind and having shorter spars that are easy to set up when shorthanded.

The first two boats built were completed by real beginner boatbuilders, one is a yoga teacher and the other a chiropractor, so there are not a lot of transferable skills there, but the detailed plans and simple building system has enabled the two friends to produce strong elegant boats that both perform well and attract a lot of positive attention.

Pathfinders have proven to be quite extraordinary passage makers, with Paul in hull #1, *Varuna*, regularly clocking up averages of over 6kts on passages of 30 miles and more, coping with some seriously bad weather in the process. We have tested the boat for

## Pathfinder

### A Big, Capable Open Boat Cruiser for the Home Boatbuilder

By John Welsford  
Photos by John Welsford and Paul Groom

#### Pathfinder

Loa: 17'4" (5.25m)  
Beam: 6' 5" (1.95m)  
Weight (dry, incl motor): 485lbs (220kg)  
Sail Area: 162sf (15.1sm)

John Welsford

Small Craft Designs

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Hamilton 28 10 06

New Zealand

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stability by standing three grown men on the gunwale, total just over 600lbs. The boat had about 100lbs of camping gear strapped in alongside the centreboard and we still had about 6" before the rail would be in the water. Stability like that is really reassuring when it's blowing hard.

Swamping tests have been carried out and the boat floats high with the centercase and the motor well clear of the water, stable enough to climb on board and bail her out if the very worst should happen.

Both *Varuna* and *Cavatina* are used regularly for cruising, the skippers of both are over 6' and are able to sleep in comfort on the raised flats forward with a boom tent up. Paul in *Varuna* has taken his family of five away for a whole week sleeping aboard and the fact that his wife Suzi is buying airbeds and better sleeping bags as birthday presents suggests that it was a positive experience for them all.

I'm hugely pleased with the design, the boats are stunners to look at, go well enough to be fierce competitors in mixed class races, and have space for up to ten if you really want to take the whole gang out sailing. I can see a pair of them setting out from one of the old fishing ports on the southern Maine coast, hopping northwards from one sheltered cove to the next along the Maine Island Trail, and following that toward Mt Desert Island and points north, coming back three or four weeks later with big smiles on bearded faces and tales of wonderful cruising.



Paul and Craig rigging *Varuna*, it took 12 minutes from pulling up to the car park to launching, another 12 minutes saw them just a dot on the horizon. They will get quicker with practice.



In the water Pathfinder's fine entry and form midsection shows up well, she has graceful lines, but this is a powerful boat with enormous stability, a lot of space and the ability to cope with a wide range of weather conditions.

Reefed down and smoking along in heavy weather, the waves around 4' high and gusting to 30kts, Paul's got *Varuna* powered up and really going well.

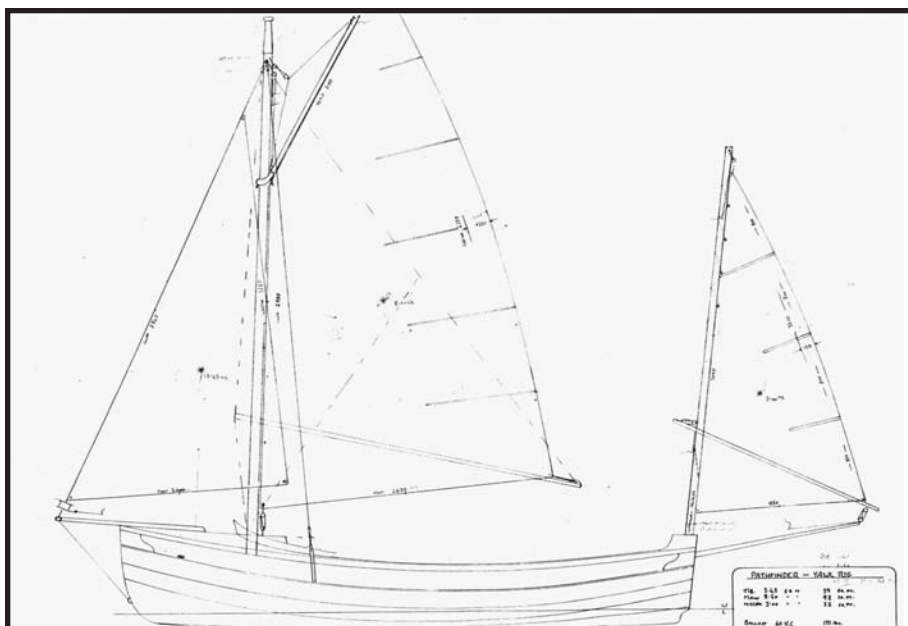


Left: Pathfinders have two rig options, and this shot of Craig Gordon's *Cavatina* under her gaff sloop rig shows the boat reefed down, jib partly rolled away ready for a squally day but still making knots. The sloop is a little faster to windward and straight downwind but the two masted yawl rig has a lot more options for sail reduction and balance, and may even outrun the sloop when reaching in heavy weather.





Almost finished and outside for a photo session, Paul Groom's Pathfinder shows the roomy interior and built-in buoyancy which doubles as storage for cruising gear. Her big cockpit aft has good leg space for her 6'4" skipper and the raised floor forward has room for him to stretch out on his airbed when overnighting.



All the family out for an afternoon, young Ethan is happy learning what a tiller is and the weather is treating them very well.



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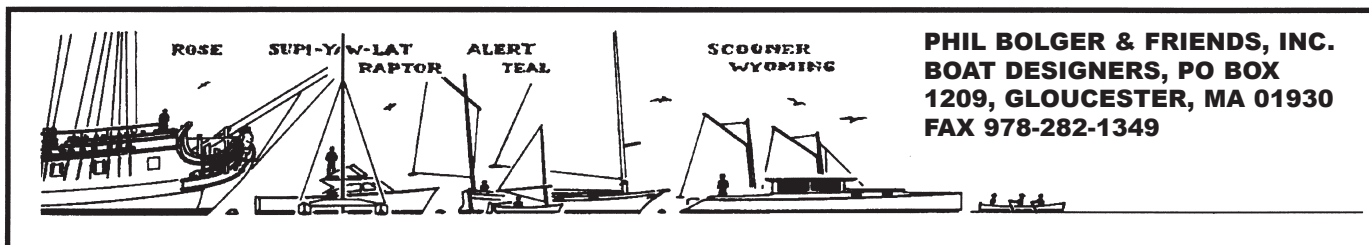
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We described the Fast Brick design in detail in *MAIB* Vol. 21, No. 8, September 1, 2003. Toward the end of October this year we had our first chance to see one in action and try it ourselves under power. It is the tender to *Anemone* (Le Cabotin Class) built in Montreal by Jean and Gabrielle Gautier. We will be writing up our impressions of the mother ship shortly.

The point relative to the Fast Brick is that they have been living on board the cruiser, anchored off, the tender is their only connection to the shore to bring supplies and guests (us among others) off from a friend's landing across the river. The river (a tributary of the St. Lawrence) develops a small chop if the wind blows against the stream. The 24"

## Bolger on Design

### "Fast Brick" Lifeboat/Tender

Design #663  
 8'0" x 4'0" x 2'1½"  
 Weight 150-190lbs.

Maximum Load at 6" Draft 1150lbs

high sides and considerable stability of the Brick are appreciated. Several times we had four adults plus some luggage in it. They tell us they have had five people without feeling precarious, though it does begin to spit spray over the bow when heavily loaded.

Like everything the Gautiers do, their Fast Brick shows clean and accurate workmanship and a very glossy finish. One photo shows myself with Jean and Gabrielle admiring it.

Power at present is an 8hp 2-stroke with a short shaft. It's perfectly adequate for the ferry duty but due to not enough propeller depth is not up to planing the boat even with a light load, as one of the photos shows. It is wide open in that picture and barely getting away from its stern wave with one lightweight man. Used as a photo boat it had trouble keeping up with the 40' 25hp mother ship which was making about 7kts. We await trials of either 8hp or 9.9hp long-shaft outboards. Maneuverability is very good.

The leeboard and some of the components of the sailing rig weren't yet in place so we got no sailing trial. There was very little wind in any case.

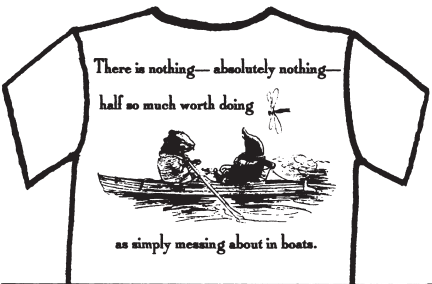
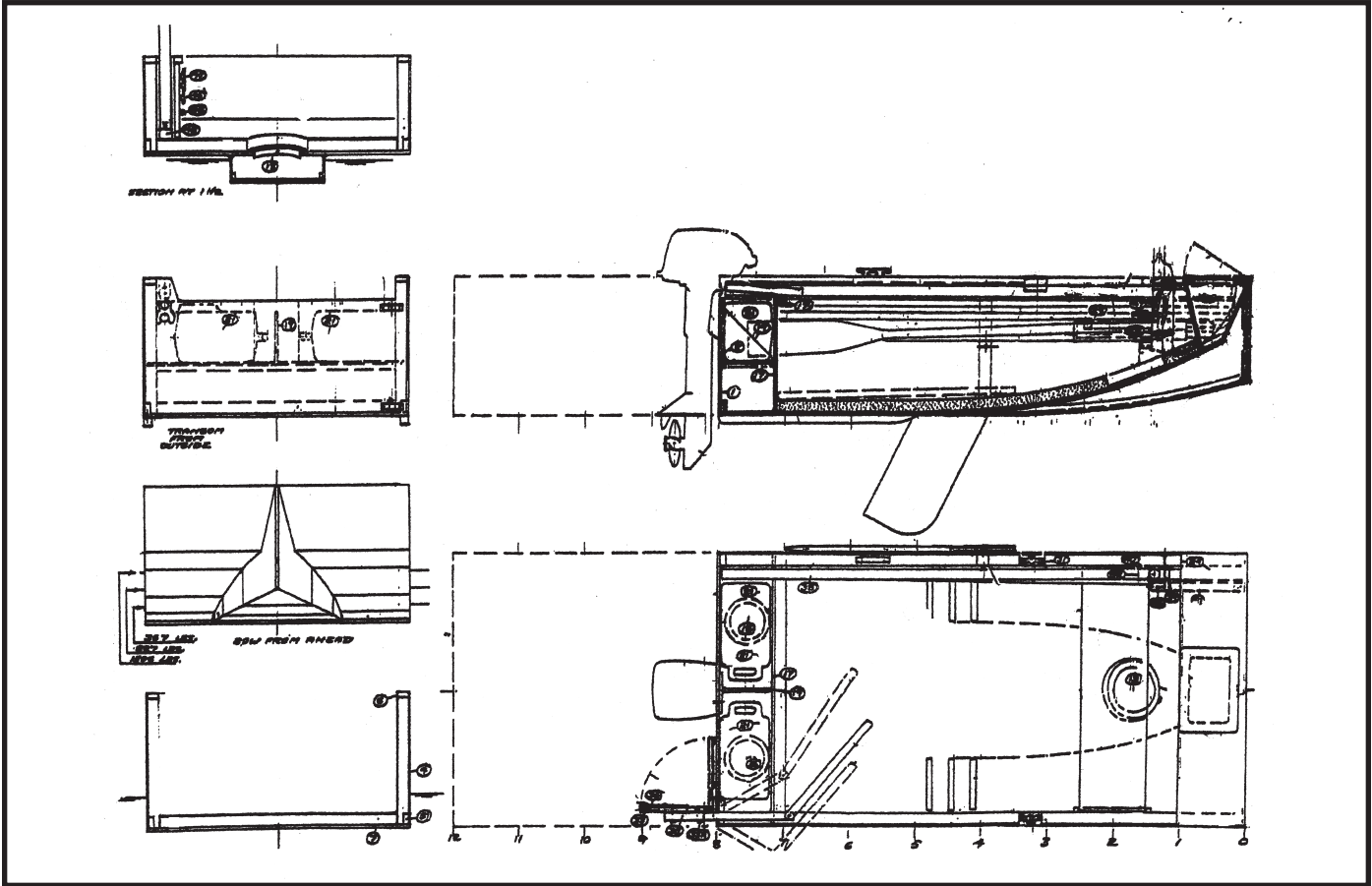
We did try Fast Brick under oars. It rows quite respectably if it's trimmed down by the head to get most of the big transom out of the water and of, course, if you don't try to row a short boat fast. The question arises whether the rockered after bottom of the standard Brick is advantageous. The "planing stern" adds more buoyancy to carry a bigger load on any given draft and has more room inside, and it has less drag when towed at the cruising speed of most cruisers (Fast Brick is very steady and generally has good manners in tow). However, the standard Brick stern is better for sailing. Standard Bricks are good fun to sail while the Fast Brick's sailing qualities are subordinated to the requirement that it be a constantly prepared lifeboat and a planing tender. The conclusion is that the planing stern of the Fast Brick is a good idea but that the standard Brick hull shape should stay as designed.

The Fast Brick continues to look like a big improvement over the usual life raft as a refuge after the loss, say by fire, of the mother ship, besides its use as a deck-carried tender. Where deck space allows, the optional lengthened versions would be still better.

Plans of the Fast Brick, our Design #663, are available for US\$50 to build one boat, sent first class or air mail from: Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 0030.







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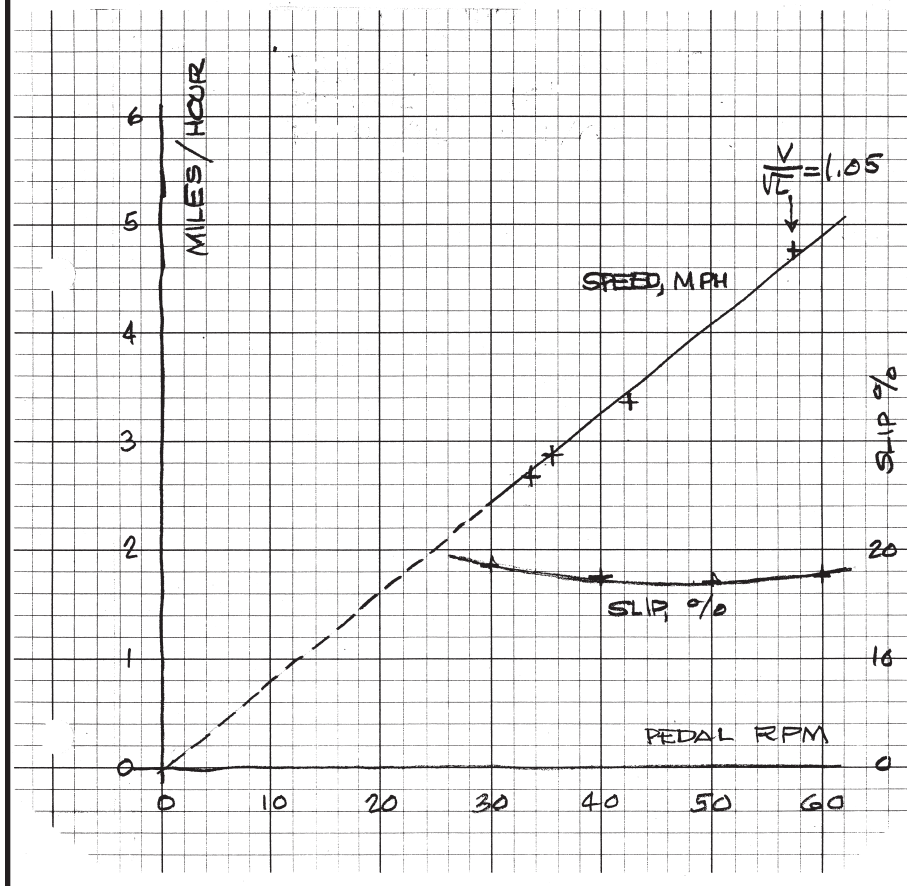
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## Trials on Lake Union, Seattle

Off Naval Reserve Pier (distance 240')  
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 Driver weight 155lbs  
 Displacement 343lbs  
 LWL 15.5'  
 Displacement/Length Ratio 41.1  
 Propellor: 3-blade 13.5" diameter, 18" pitch  
 Dev Area Ratio 0.48  
 Pedal/Propellor Ratio 1/6



## Pedal-Powered Sharpy-Cycle

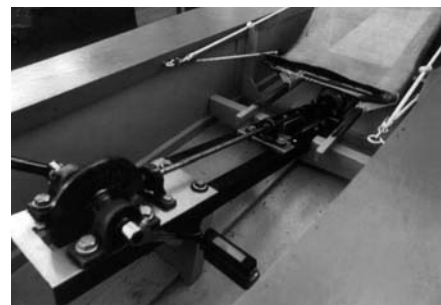
By Phil Thiel

In bygone issues of *MAIB* I have introduced readers to several of my pedal powered small boats; the dory cycle, the dory skiff, and the sampan. Herewith yet another permutation of small boat driven by human leg power.

The Sharpy-Cycle was designed and built in 1987 as an experiment in the use of bevel gearing, a retractable propeller, and a very narrow hull with sponsons. The hull is built of 1/4" D.F. plywood with nominal 1"x2" framing, glued and nailed. The sponsons are of carved foam, covered with epoxied fiberglass.

After proof of concept in trials on Lake Union in Seattle, it was sold to Lewis Elwood of Albion, Washington, who has enjoyed it in extensive use on the lakes and rivers in the Washington and Idaho region.

Phil Thiel, Sea/Land Design, 4720 Seventh Ave. NE, Seattle WA 98105



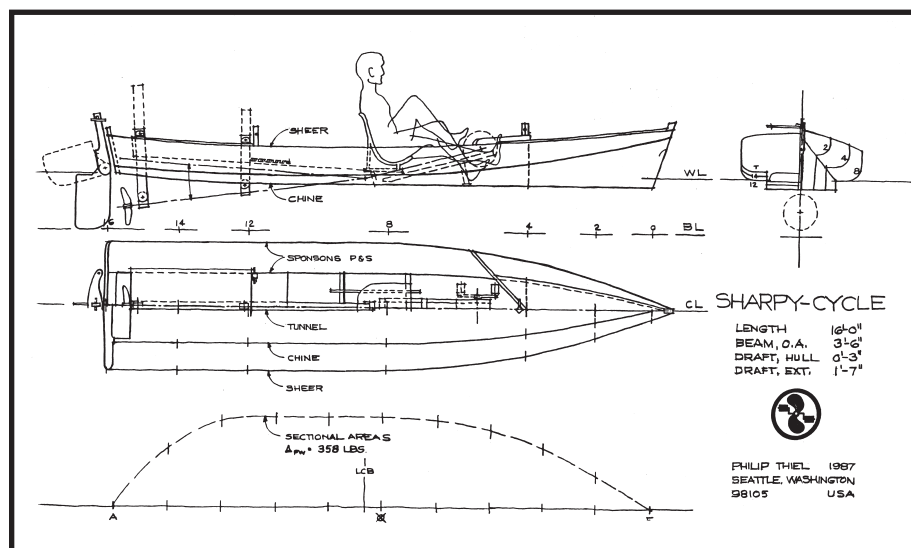
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This past summer I co-taught a course where family groups each built an Optimist pram during Family Week at the Wooden Boat School. As part of the preparations for this course we sent out a letter to each prospective family giving some information concerning what to expect (i.e., bring old clothes) and listing a few tools we thought they might find useful. In particular, we suggested a block plane and one or two chisels  $\frac{1}{2}$ " to  $\frac{3}{4}$ " in width.

We ended up with six families of builders (because of a last minute cancellation). Of these six, one of the fathers worked regularly with woodworking tools and brought a broad assortment, all sharp. Another also had woodworking experience (I believe he was a sculptor) and brought a usable Stanley plane. The other four did the logical thing, they went to their local building supply or hardware store to buy their planes and chisels and came to our class with the results.

I have no idea whether the folks that manufactured those planes and chisels were embarrassed to sell them, but I sure was embarrassed for them. I did learn several things though; first that I should never send people out to buy edged tools locally, but instead should give them some references to specialty mailorder stores. Second, that a \$20 plane is not only useless as it comes out of the box, but can quite possibly never be made to work. In fairness, the latter conclusion is based on a single sample, but I still feel reasonably confident that this is so. Third, that I am going to buy and fix up a few old planes and lend them out to my students instead of suggesting they bring them. After all, the point of the course is to build boats, not to try to sharpen tools that don't want to be sharp.

Frankly, the limited availability of sharp hand tools caught me unawares. I certainly have had plenty of experience with "grandfather's tools" brought straight from the basement (and a damp basement at that). Although these offerings can be a challenge, if they date back to granddad's day there is

## The Decline of Edged Tools

By Dave Jackson

probably a good tool hiding in there somewhere, and if it is beyond hope, it is normally pretty clear even to the complete novice why this so.

Try explaining to that same novice why the new tools he bought at your direction won't function satisfactorily straight out of the box. After all, they are brand new. When you buy a new toaster or radio you fully expect it to work immediately without effort on your part, don't you? And, if your new appliance doesn't work, you take it back and tell the seller it is defective.

In this case, though, the next example is likely not to be any better. After the fact, I began to think and ask questions (my wife says this order of doing things is not unusual). Ignoring the fairly small number of people who regularly use (and demand) high quality edged tools, and the specialty manufacturers (Lie Nielsen, Veritas, etc.) that fulfill that demand, there simply is no mass market for good edged tools.

The great majority of people who work every day with wood do so using mostly power tools. Most of my carpenter friends allowed as how they had a plane or two (somewhere) but that they certainly didn't use them every day and, to use the western expression, what they did have had been rode hard and put away wet (i.e., were in the bottom of the box on the back of their pickup truck). In brief, they by and large had edged hand tools but they used them hard and didn't require anything very fancy.

The consumer side of the market is even worse. Imagine someone stepping into their local hardware store looking for a tool to use (once) to take a fraction of an inch off the edge of a door that is sticking. How much is that individual going to be willing to pay to fix his door? Certainly not the \$100 plus that a really good plane might cost, and quite pos-


sibly not the \$50 or so that better hardware store/Home Depot planes seem to cost. Thus the \$20 plane that one of my students brought with him. Ignore the fact that the \$20 plane I saw would not have planed even one door.

Thus the manufacturers of the tools I saw and struggled with are simply satisfying what the market seems to require, relatively inexpensive edged tools of mediocre quality intended for only infrequent use. Assuming this is correct, what the manufacturers are producing makes perfect sense. If a tool is going to be used very infrequently or briefly there is little sense in using better steel or heat treating it more carefully so it will hold an edge longer. If, based on your marketing surveys, your plane is only going to be used once to plane a door edge replete with paint, a lock set, and other things that will rapidly dull or damage a blade, what difference does it make how sharp it is initially?

Believe it or not, things used to be different. During the first half of the 20th century and before portable power tools were much less common (even nonexistent) and much more work had to be done on-site and by hand. Every tradesman working with wood carpenters, cabinet makers, model makers, boat builders, and others all had special requirements for edged tools. There was thus a plane, a chisel, or other edged tool intended specially for every possible task.

By way of example, the 1914 Stanley tool catalog devoted some 41 pages just to various types and sizes of planes. The importance attached to good hand tools is reflected in the pride the individual workmen took in their tools, commonly storing them in custom built tool chests. In fact, a workman was often judged by the number and quality of his tools. No tools, no job!

Since it is unlikely that we will be able to turn the clock back, it seems clear that there will never again be a mass market for high quality edged tools. Fortunately, good used edged tools are still available and fun to look for, and excellent quality tools are still available new if you grit your teeth and pay the price. So, good hunting!



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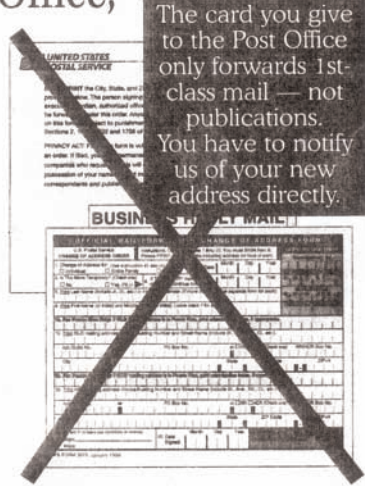
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My wife and I used to be race committee for the local MORC Station #27 and those gung-ho racers would go out for night races. We usually started the race near sunset so people could see the start flags and then let them sail off into the evening/night. Other times the race was not supposed to be a night finish, but the wind died and no one would give the race up so all continued (group masochism?). In such cases, we would go in and wait for a CB call that the lead boat had rounded the last mark and was heading for the finish line. We would then go out on a compass course to the location of the finish mark and set up the finish line (no LORAN-C or GPS in those days). To help the racers find the finish line, we had an anchor light fastened to the boat that was about 4' above the cabin top. We wanted to use a strobe light on top of the RC boat at one point but the law enforcement officials nixed that idea.

When it was supposed to be a short night race, we would stay anchored at the finish line (usually the start line) and watch the stars and other night events until the boats returned. One evening, after we had started the race and the sky was in a beautiful afterglow, we heard a CB call from a trucker on US 98 looking for a repair location since his running lights were not working properly. After a brief exchange as to where he was on the road and where he was headed, we suggested he keep going for Perry since it was about the same driving time to the all night truck stop there as it was to the one located on US 90 north of him.

Another night, we saw a yellow flashing light between us and shore. Such a light is supposed to indicate an air-cushion vessel when operating in the non-displacement mode. It was the quietest airboat ever. Not a sound, just a flashing yellow light moving swiftly between us and the shoreline. Another night we saw flashing blue lights off to the south and later learned that one of the sailboats in the race had been stopped by the Florida Marine Patrol for a "safety inspection boarding."

At night there is also the question of depth perception. One night we were anchored and lit up for the finish with a 10-12kt wind when the lead boat seemed to be headed right for us. I shined my spotlight down the anchor rode and was rewarded with a shouted "Bear off now!!!" as the person on the foredeck realized they were about 200' from our boat and headed right at it. They missed us by about 10'!

Visibility at night can also be less than desired. Coming through the cut between Dog Island and St. George Island in one night race we had two people on the bow with handheld

## From The Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

spotlights since there were three unlit navigational buoys in the channel. The agreement is that the people on the bow would call out the course change to miss the marks and the others would handle the sailboat accordingly. Even knowing the marks were there and having two spotlights we missed one mark by about 5' and the other by about 15'. They did not see the third mark at all.

One e-mail list I enjoy had a thread on night vision and how high people look at night above the horizon. The point of the thread is that an anchor light on the top of the mast is visible to others at a much greater distance than an anchor light on top of the cabin (or at spreader height), but the light gets "lost" as one moves closer to it since most people do not look much above 10' above the visible horizon (whatever that is at night). And since depth perception becomes questionable at night, having an anchor light lit is not assurance that you will not be hit by someone not paying attention to all things around them.

Most of you know about the need to keep your "night vision" by using red lenses in your dash and cabin lights. A new possible problem will be faced by those who use a bright laptop at night. The screen will certainly affect their night vision to some extent. Most people take a bit of time to adapt to night lighting after being exposed to normal white lights found inside the cabin or at the marina while getting ready to go out. The estimate for most people is about 30 minutes after they have left the lighted area.

An ongoing problem of light glare for some is the white forward light on their cabin top and the white stern light. Both can reflect off items on the boat and produce the unwanted glare to restrict night vision. At one time I had a molded fitting for the forward white light that cast a shadow over the bow of the boat so there was no reflection back into the helm area. The manufacturer stopped making the shield for some reason, but you can build one out of any of the plastics (or light wood) to create the desired shadowed area forward. The shield goes under the light so that the required visibility from another vessel is not affected.

The stern light is another problem unless the light does not reflect in such a manner as to affect night vision. There is no easy answer to the stern light glare as each boat is lighted differently. Maybe someday there will be a boat manufacturer who thinks about night glare when they install the running lights on their product.

Mornings, before sunrise, can also be interesting in terms of what we see. One time we were sailing a boat from Shell Point to Clearwater. It had been a clear night but toward sunrise a light fog (along with light wind) set in. We had up the drifting spinnaker (4/oz cloth) and were making about 2kts when a white light appeared to the east of us. We looked for the bow lights but saw nothing. Just a white light getting higher (meaning it was getting closer). After about five concerned minutes we realized it was Venus shining through the light fog just before sunrise.

The height of eye can be an important factor in both day and night hours while enjoying your boat. "Height of eye" is a

phase that provides meaning to the distance you can see on the water. To find your height of eye you need to estimate (measure?) the distance up from the boat's normal waterline to the cabin sole and then add your physical height of eye. Once you know that vertical distance, conversion tables (or a formula) will tell you the distance (approximate) to the horizon in a straight line. It is a good idea to know the relationship for you on your boat.

For instance, at my helm position my height of eye is about 6' above the water line. The Bowditch table entitled "Distance of the Horizon" shows that the horizon is about 2.8 nautical miles (3.2 statute miles) away for that height of eye. This may not seem important until you are trying to find a floating navigational aid or other object. If the GPS (or LORAN) says you are a half-mile from the object, it is nice to know the location relative to the visible horizon in relationship to your boat.

If you do not carry a copy of Bowditch on your boat, since it is heavy and thick, and you do have a good pocket calculator aboard, you might want to note the formula for distance to the horizon:

$$1.23 \times \text{the square root of } H = \text{distance}$$

$$H = \text{height of eye/object}$$

for an estimate of the distance to the horizon for a given height of eye.

If you know your height of eye and the height of an object on shore, you can get an idea of how far off you are when the object first becomes visible over the horizon. You know your distance to the horizon and with the conversion tables you can determine when that object would become visible (its height of eye distance).

For instance, the St. Marks Lighthouse has a stated height of 82'. The distance table shows the approximate height of eye for the top of the structure to be about 10.3 nautical miles. Hence, if coming in from out in the Gulf, when the top of the structure first becomes visible to me, I know that I am about 13 nautical miles from the lighthouse (lighthouse at 10.3 + me at 2.8 = 13.1). Of interest is that the light from that structure is visible for 16 nautical miles. This is because the visibility of the light is calculated from an assumed height of eye of the observer of 15' at mean high water (about 4.4 nautical miles to the horizon). Yes, the math does not work out exactly due to a variety of factors beyond the scope of this article, but you get the idea of how knowing the visible distance of an object from you can be useful.

A problem can develop when you go out on another person's boat and your height of eye changes. The perception of where objects on the water are located relative to your position changes with an increased (or decreased) height of eye because the distance to the visible horizon changes. We were out on a friend's President 41, as the Race Committee boat, that had an upper control station. The height of eye, for us, on that boat at the upper station was about three times what my wife and I were used to on our boat. Hence, we had to adjust how we looked for the racing marks.

On our boat the marks would first appear as sticks on the horizon, while on this boat, when we started looking for them, they were white objects some distance "in" from the horizon. It was an obvious change in position as far as we were concerned but it took some adjustment before we could find the marks that were usually very visible from our boat.

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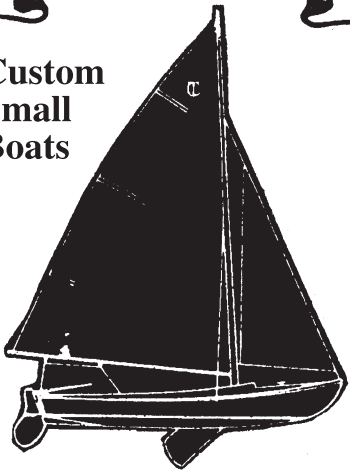
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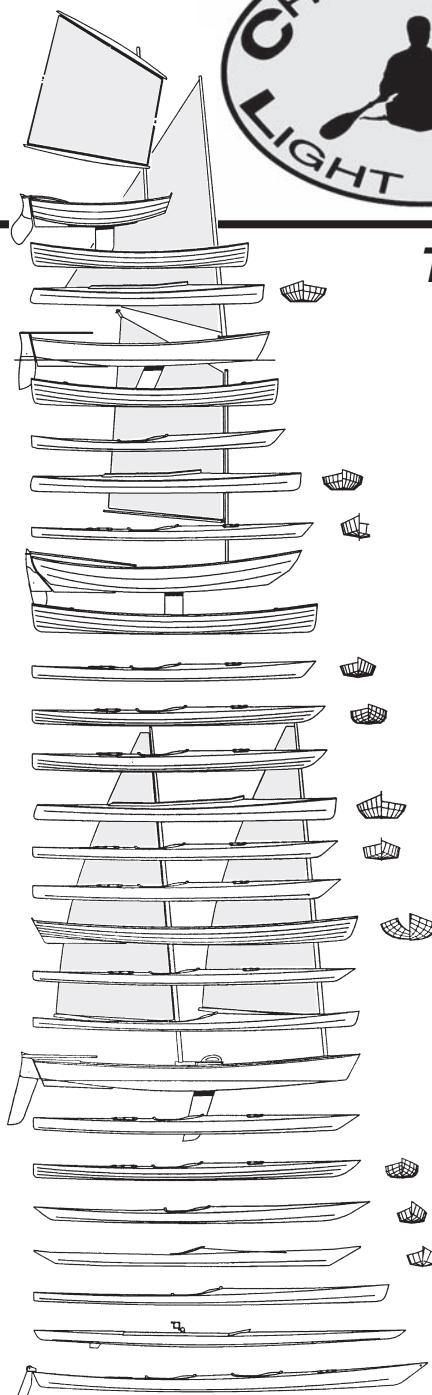
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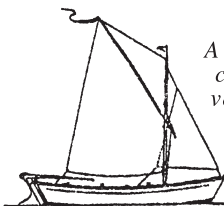
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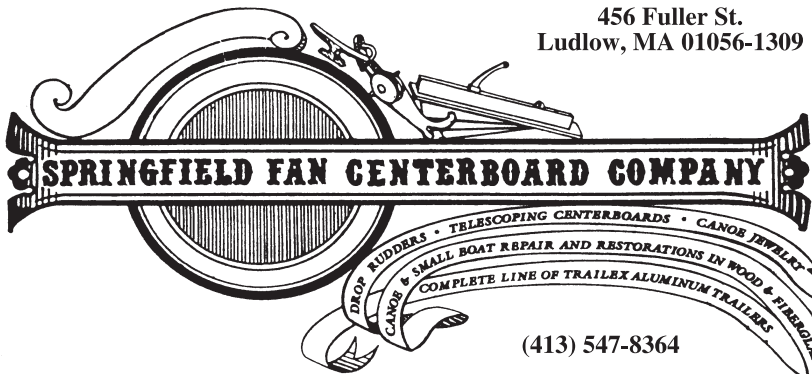
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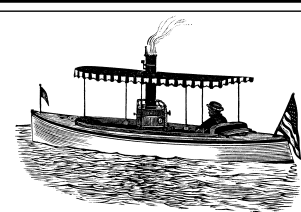
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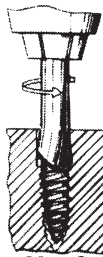
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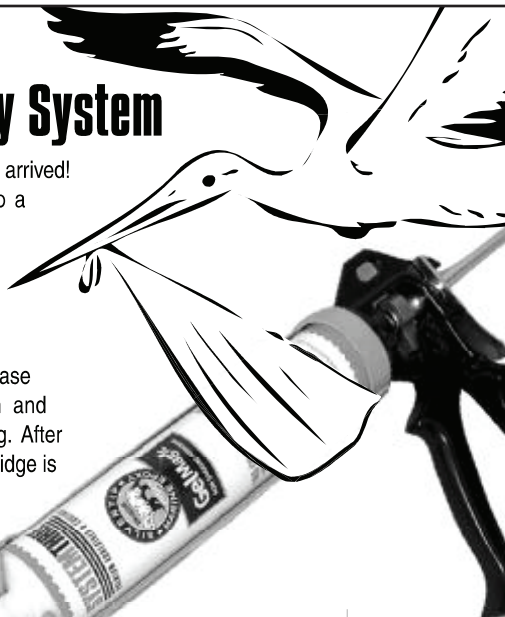
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**17'9" x 3'2" Annapolis Wherry**, by Chesapeake Light Craft. Sea Green exterior, Bristol Beige interior. Gunwales finished bright. Additional mahogany inner gunwale added during construction. Set up for either oar-on-gunwale rowing or Piantodosi Row-Wing & 9'6" Braca carbon fiber oars. Danforth rowing compass. Legal galv trlr. 2 sets bronze oarlock sockets on oarlock risers. 1 set 6'6" Sitka Spruce oars by Barkley Sound w/leather collars, bronze oarlocks. Custom cedar frame w/silver tarp winter cover. Battery nav lights. Built spring '00 & used lightly & lovingly. Quite fast & a pleasure to row, something which I, unfortunately, don't have enough time to do. Check her out at www.clcboats.com. Asking \$2,200 w/spruce oars only, \$3,100 for everything. Delivery? Well, if you're serious, maybe I can arrange something. BOB ERICCO, Manahawkin, NJ, (609) 978-0012, lve message, fax (609) 978-7393 (16)



**Lightweight Kayak**, Made by Phoenix, this 13-footer weighs only 25lbs. Aircraft quality fg; no bulkheads. Sleek design; fast "wild-wasser" boat. Too advanced for me! \$700. PAM, ALEXANDER, Oberlin, OH, (440) 774-4055 (15)

**23' O'Day Sleep**, standard w/keel and within-the-keel cb. Unequipped. I paid \$999 a couple of years ago. Located: central Maine away from coast. Time to downsize some more. Used on LI Sound for years (as Sunny Day w/yellow' hull). Small galley w/sink/drain/fw tank. Fwd cabin w/space for PP, aft cabin w/galley. Sitting headroom under overhead. Large slider when open gives headroom to sky (or boom anyway). Lots of storage. V-berth fwd. Two bunks aft partly under cockpit seats. No bunk cushions. Vy adequate cockpit w/cutout for ob. Fair sails incl roller furling large jib. Navigation lights in place but not hooked up. Outboard rudder w/tiller. Fine sailer, used 1 season on Maine coast. Great fun but too far to go from hills. Trailer & ob not incl. Fall/winter price, u-pick up. Can launch locally to move onto your trailer or for hauler to take now. Or can stay here for winter. Class weight under 3,100lbs. Presently hauled w/V6 in Explorer. Hauled up from LI no problem. Sort of an adventure as pretty wide load on present trailer. Boat currently on new trailer used one season (trailer \$1,650 w/spare,brakes, washdown system if you must have it). OB? Had 6hp on it which was likely adequate, using 9.9 XLS 2000 4 cycle Evinrude w/35hrs & professionally maintained except I winterized it last season in use. Overmuch power but if you wanted to tow six more 23 footers it would do well. Fits tightly into port of center stern cut-out. (Price: \$1,650 if you must have but I'd hate to lose this electric starting & charging 4 bladed monster, was on five ton 28' sloop!). Price next year for boat alone \$1,650 firm w/Porta-potty, fathometer and VHF radio, radio not rigged in, and a purple spinnaker off 28 footer (small spinnaker). This is a great deal and if we lived less than 90 miles from Wiscasset where we used to moor we'd keep it. Not an offshore boat to cross the Pond of course, but big/big lakes or coastal? All that is needed for a capable mariner (you?). Also have at cut price 1 17.5' Classic(?) Old Town(?) '30s(?) Canoe, fg/wood which needs gun'Is replaced & new cane on seats. No paddles. No motor mount. Usable as is. \$300 or make offer. Vy stable people/dogs mover. Getting lighter canoe (this one's wt 85lbs?). Other prices very solid. DOC CASS, Wellington ME (207) 683-2435. Answering machine on that line, edeshea@tdstelme.net. (15)

**12' Penn Yan Car Top Boat**, Ser. #WT594 circa mid 50's. Ribbed & planked. Compl restored. Covered w/Dacron for lightness. Inside beautiful. outside painted, bottom blue, sides white. Set of Shaw & Tenney oars incl. \$2,000.00. GUS DUBE, E. Bridgewater, MA, (508) 378-2648 (15)

**Hobie Mirage SUV**. Like riding a recumbent bike, only on the water, with much the same efficiency & comfort. If you're not familiar with the Mirage drive, you're an undereducated mess abouter & you will be left behind. Go to www.hobiecat.com/kayaking/models\_outback.html. I guess I don't really need 3 of these. One year old \$900 (\$1500+ new).

DOCK SHUTER, near Kingston NY, (845) 247-0508 (15)

## BOATS WANTED

**18' '60s Pearson Packet**, open sail vesion or motor launch.  
ANDY ROGERS, Tuxedo, NY, (845) 351-4552 (16)

## SAILS & RIGGING WANTED

**Sunfish Upper & Lower Booms**, the 2 13' aluminum poles that attach to the sail.  
JONATHAN BARNES, 301 Violeta Circle, Goldsboro, NC 27534, (919) 778-1251, jbarnes@eastpointe.net (16)

## GEAR FOR SALE

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half so much worth doing**



**as simply messing about in boats.**

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from *The Wind in the Willows*

Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the World. T-shirt \$18.00, Long Sleeve T \$23.00, Sweatshirt \$30, Tote Bag \$18. Shipping \$4.75, orders up to \$25, add \$1 for each additional \$25.  
THE DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 8372, Silver Spring, MD 20907, Toll free (877) 637-7464, www.messingabout.com (TFP)



**9" Ash Woods Cleats**, matched pair varnished w/stainless steel hardware. \$25 delivered.  
WINTERS BROTHERS, 4555 II Rd., Garden, MI 49835 (21EOI)



**Forward Facing Rowing**, with a sliding seat in your canoe.  
EZ-ROW INC., P.O. Box 275, Taylors Falls, MN 55084-0275, (651) 465-6608, www.ez-row.com (907P)



**New! The Poop Deck Crew T-Shirt**, profits from the sale of this T-Shirt support the SAFE HAVEN Project & Newfoundland Dog Rescue in the US & Canada. Show your support for these gentle giants when you wear your Poop Deck Shirt featuring a Newf Dog and his canine mates including a German Shepherd, Springer Spaniel, English Bulldog, Poodle, Golden Retriever—even a Chihuahua! 100% heavyweight US made blue cotton Tee. Large imprint on front. Sizes M-XL \$17, XXL \$19. S&H \$4.75 on all orders. Send MO or Check.

A. BRIDGE, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA, Tel (207) 442-7237 Email <norsman@care2.com>, Web www.norsgear.com (TFP)

## BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE



**Li'l Beauty Kayak**, with or without the girls is excellent! Build it for only \$85! Manual has photos & instructions for each step. Send \$25 check to Walter Head.  
HOBBYCRAFT KAYAKS, 1178 Laurel Fork Rd., Vilas, NC 28692 (16)



**Egret 17' Skin-on-Frame Kayak**, easy to build; many covering options. Plans, patterns, detailed instructions \$55. SASE for more info:  
ROSS MILLER BOAT DESIGN, PO Box 256, West Mystic CT 06388 (19P)

**Robb White & Sons Sport Boat**, handy, pretty, proven 16' x 43" strip planked skiff. Will plane with 2 adults with 4hp. Full sized mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75. SASE for photos & specs.

ROBB WHITE & SONS, Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799 (TFP)



**Dory Plans**, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.  
DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

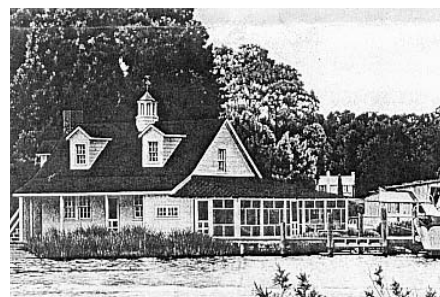
## BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN.COM:

Customer photos, FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55". "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00. GLEN-L, Box 1804MA44, 9152 Rose-crans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

## NAUTICAL RELATED ITEMS WANTED

**Nautical Theme Clocks**, pocket watches, wrist watches incl items given as prizes or trophies for boat races, presentation pieces given to crew members, etc. VI BEAUDREAU, E. Granby, CT, (860) 6580869, vbeaudreau@hotmail.com (16)

## WATERFRONT PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT



**Vacation Rental Waterfront**, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slps up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk.  
LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486 (TF)

**House for Rent in Beaufort, NC**, boating town. 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, furnished, porches, gardens. Half a block to creek landing, mile from ocean. Walk to library, market. January/mid-May, 2007, \$1,000/month extendable May-August, \$1,500/month.  
SUSAN SCHMIDT, Beaufort, NC, (252) 728-4240, susu@barney.starfishnet.com (16)

## Things You Should Know About Publication of Your Classified Ads

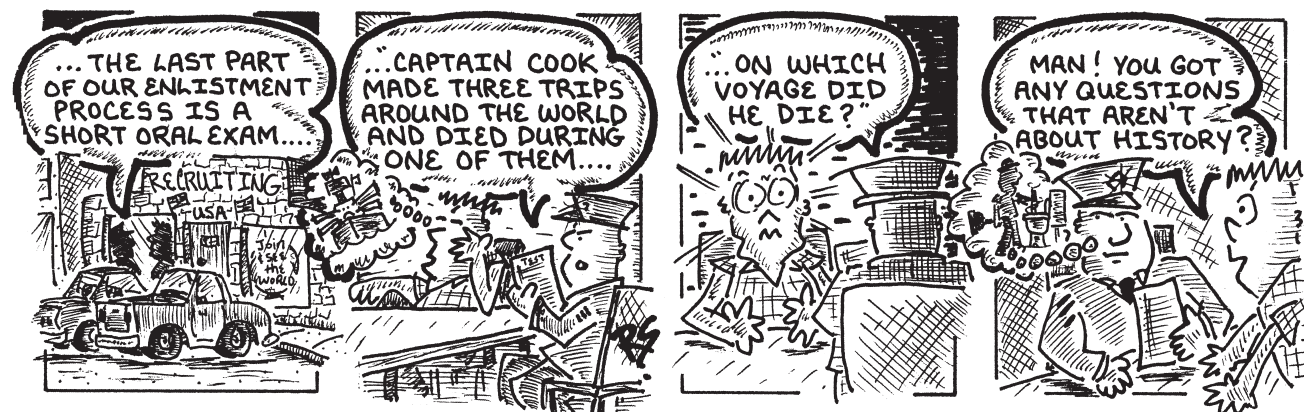
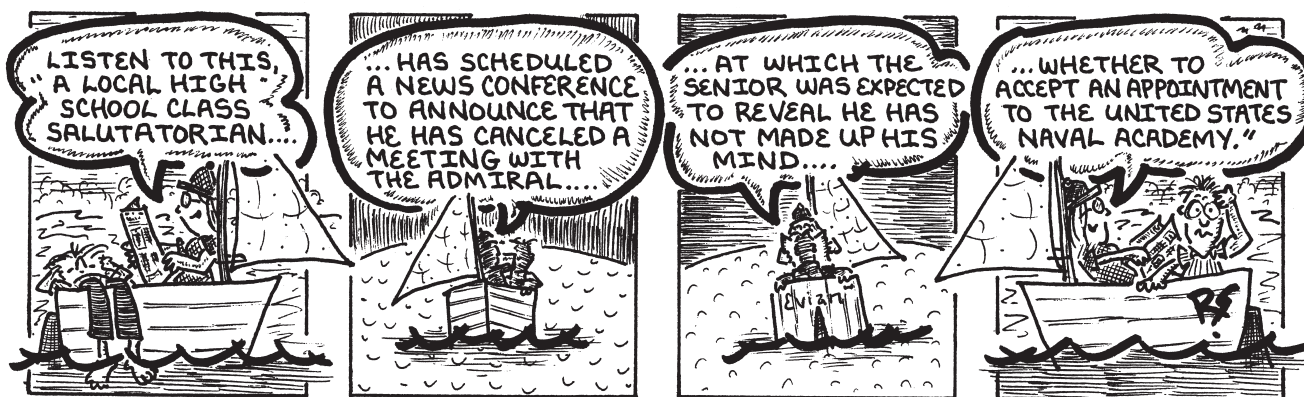
If we recieve your ad just before going to press, there will be a two-week interval during printing before the issue containing it will be mailed, and a further ten days to two weeks in the mail is added to the interval before your ad will be in readers' hands. If we receive your ad just after going to press, up to another two weeks will be added. Thus is can be from three to six weeks before your ad will appear. You can receive up to two more issues after sending in your ad before it will appear. It will not be in the next issue you receive for certain.





# Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers  
**The Navy Life**



# ADIRONDACK GUIDE BOAT

PO 144 Charlotte VT 05445 (802) 425-3926  
www.adirondack-guide-boat.com

## Upcoming Shows

Dec30-Jan7 National Boat Show, NY, NY  
Jan 5-7 Fly-Fishing Show, Denver, CO  
Jan 13-4 Fly-Fishing Show, Schaumburg, IL  
Jan 19-21 Fly-Fishing Show, Marlborough, MA  
Jan 26-8 Fly-Fishing Show, Somerset, NJ  
Feb 15-19 Miami Boat Show, Miami, FL  
Mar 9-11 Canoecopia, Madison, WI  
Mar 22-25 Mt Dora Antique and Classic, Mt Dora, FL



This is Sandy Goodall, he is a sail designer with clients all over the world...but we told you all that in the last installment. If you'd like to have a look at Sandy's day job, go to his website [www.sandygoodall.com](http://www.sandygoodall.com).

Sandy has won the Port Townsend race 4 times in a row. A few days after winning the second time, Sandy called to say, "I'd like to order a boat."

We said, "Fine. But why didn't you order it last week when we were out in Port Townsend?"

Sandy said, "I didn't have the money last week."

"So, ok," we said, "what would you like?" He said, "The 15ft Kevlar/composite guideboat, in dark green."

"Anything else?" "Nope, that's it. And oars. And, Dave, could I ask a favor? Could you yourself pick the oars for me? You know the kind I like."

"Sure, no problem. How would you like to pay for this?"

Sandy said, "Well, there's a story there. One of my customers is a large sail manufacturer in Denmark. They would like to use my name in their advertising. I said, 'Sure, go ahead. But....it's going to cost you.'"

"They said, 'Yes, we understand. How much?'"

Sandy said, "I'd like you to buy me an Adirondack Guideboat. And have it shipped it from Vermont to British Columbia." Which is how Sandy got his boat.

(Yes, we do accept Kroner.)

This next photo is Sandy pulling towards the finish in 2005. One of the members of the race committee called out, saying, "Hey! You know, there's a race going on out here."

"Yes," Sandy said, "I know. I think I just won."



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